

# The Critic

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### Literature

#### "The Bard of the Dimbovitza" \*

FROM THE PEASANTS on her father's estate in Roumania, Hélène Vacaresco has collected a number of Roumanian folk-songs which Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell have translated into English verse. The result is a volume of very striking poems, unique in character and possessing a wonderful charm of freshness. From Carmen Sylva's introduction we learn that the young poetess spent four years in collecting these songs, and encountered many difficulties in trying to induce the peasants to repeat them for her. 'She was forced to affect a desire to learn spinning, that she might join the girls at their spinning-parties and so overhear their songs more easily; she hid in the tall maize to hear the reapers crooning them; she caught them from the lips of peasant-women, of lute-players, of gypsies and fortune-tellers; she listened for them by death-beds, by cradles, at the dance and in the tavern, with inexhaustible patience.' The contents of the book are divided into 'Lute-players' Songs,' and 'Spinning-Songs,' most of them bring improvisations, beginning and ending with a refrain which sometimes fits in with the mood of the song and at other times has no connection with it. What impresses one in these poems, with all their wild music, is their weirdness and almost invariable note of melancholy. There is hardly a song in the collection that is untouched by sorrow, and hardly one that does not exhibit in some degree the remarkable qualities belonging to all. We make room for 'The Dead Soldier':—

*When all the leaves have fallen,  
Still on the bough some two or three remain;  
And through the winter these poor leaves remember  
That they must have the pain  
Of falling when sweet spring is in the sky.*

He slept beside the furrows, and I came  
And watched his sleep.  
Hard by the village they had fought,  
And so they brought him dead into the village.  
That battle was the first they fought, and he,  
He was the first who fell.  
Beneath the trees they laid him—none had time  
To think of digging any grave for him;  
And he was happy, thus to wait a while  
Without his grave—and hear the battle's din.

And when they came upon the morrow's morn  
To dig his grave,  
He sorrowed, that he must go down to it  
Not knowing, and all impotent to ask,  
Which way the fight had gone.  
Into his grave they shut him fast,  
And told him naught of it;  
And ever since he still doth ask himself  
Which way it went—nor can he sleep in peace.

*When all the leaves have fallen  
Still on the bough, etc.*

The song entitled 'Hay' is most exquisite and tender; unfortunately it is too long to be quoted here. We heartily

\* The Bard of the Dimbovitza: Roumanian Folk-Songs. Collected by Hélène Vacaresco. Trans. by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell. \$2. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

commend this volume to all who are fond of poetry that is absolutely simple, fresh and genuine. It is, as the writer of the introduction suggests, 'a real treasure-trove, a valuable addition to the literature of the world.' A peculiar interest is lent to the volume by the recollection of the recently thwarted attachment of Carmen Sylva's son, the Roumanian Crown Prince, for Hélène Vacaresco, the compiler of the songs here gathered together, and in the translation of which the Prince's mother (who is again reported to be dangerously ill) has assisted.

#### "A Frenchman in America" \*

ONE CANNOT CONCEIVE a more grotesque fish out of water than the ordinary Frenchman visiting America for 'pleasure.' Accustomed to a refined, tranquil, aristocratic civilization, to the early morning *café au lait* and the *pousse-café* after dinner, to late and long breakfasts and late and long dinners, never experiencing any thrilling emotion except that caused by an occasional resolution or *les Prussiens*, Jacques Bonhomme comes to this country delightfully unsophisticated, naïve, inquiring, studious, never dreaming but that his habitual customs will be revered, that everybody will be polite, that the hotels will be as in France, that all his little eccentricities and demands will be nursed and coddled and fulfilled without delay. The rude Atlantic usually begins the scattering of these illusions. Three thousand miles of disillusion creeping and crawling along with him over the water, are, however, insufficient preparation for the raw, rude, boisterous contact of a New York dock, where profane fingers hunt among your most sacred relics. 'Keb, sir?' is yelled at you in Celtic from a hundred throats, the stygian mud of the streets flies in your face, and you are snatched off to a hotel to the tune of \$3 a trip.

All this to the ordinary unsphered Frenchman must be grotesque indeed. But Max O'Rell is not an ordinary Frenchman. The handsome goodhumored face that looks out as a frontispiece to his second book on the Great Republic shows that it is an uncommon 'Frenchman in America' who has called on us this time and who strives to take in only the humorous, fantastic, gigantic side of the national Brobdingnag, not the splenetic Gaul to whom cognac and *café noir* are absolute prerequisites of culture. As one dips into these pages and glides along through their phosphorescent sparkle, there is an overmastering sense of comfort in feeling that after all, to an intelligent observer, America is not so bad, and that Jonathan, full of frailty as he is, is a genial creature with salt enough to save him—a prototype of his own pickled pork that now permeates the world. He is rude, doubtless, and raw, and inquisitive; he spits, and speculates, and builds enormous hotels; he will travel before his grammar and accent have been transmogrified into something like decency; and his children are of those *enfants terribles* who now paralyze a European hotel-master. But for all this he is affectionate, affable, enterprising and intelligent; he soars on the wings of invention to an empyrean reached by no other nation; and he is vastly charitable. Max O'Rell sees and points out all this, and being a humorist himself, American humor delights him beyond measure and saves the realm. Imagine what we should be without this saving grace! Everywhere Max O'Rell sees its mica-like specks and sparkles—in the appreciative Boston audiences, in the Virginia hotels, in the New York clubs, in the untiring reporter with his interviewing attachment, in American women, in 'forefathers made to order, even in 'the man who wont smile' at his lectures because—because—he is perfectly deaf, and has heard nothing! In fact, the author goes so far as to think that all the faults and weaknesses of the French can be accounted for by the presence of a defect—jealousy,—and the absence of a quality—humor. A delightful evening at a colored church in Washington leads him to describe the Negro with humor—

\* A Frenchman in America: Recollections of Men and Things. By Max O'Rell. \$2. Cassell Pub. Co.

ous relish and excellent reproduction of darky lingo. A visit to President Harrison at the White House discloses the fact that 'Mrs. Cleveland is still haunting the minds of the Washingtonians. They never will forget the most beautiful lady who ever did the honors of the White House, and most of them look forward to the possibility of her returning to Washington in March, 1893.' His great regret in leaving Washington was in missing Miss Kate Field—'this brilliant, witty woman, who speaks, I am told, as she writes, in clear, caustic, fearless style. My intention was to interview her a bit. A telegram was sent to her in New York from her secretary, and her answer was wired immediately: "Interview him"! He delights in American railway travelling, which would be perfect but for the detestable and testy conductors: 'I would any time go to America for the mere pleasure of travelling.' The New York Easter bonnet attracts his eye with its accompanying gown from Félix's or Redfern's; but when these bonnets begin to keep Lent! 'I have even heard of sweet, devout New York girls who limited themselves to one pound of *marrons glacés* a week during Lent!' 'Out West' he is called upon one Sunday to preach. The man who spoke before him began by attacking the French Sunday; this warmed O'Rell up, and being called up for his 'views' the genial satirist delivered a witty three minutes' speech in which he cleared France from the charge of impiety and edified the audience of Whitewater, Wis., with some remarkable sentences.

A hundred wise, witty and amusing things thus bubble from this fountain of goodhumor and pleasant recollection, which are made even more effective by Kemble's clever illustrations.

#### "The Spirit of Man" \*

'THE SPIRIT OF MAN,' an essay in Christian philosophy, is a book whose charm will be felt by many who do not share the author's theological basis and conclusions. It has a rare sympathetic and persuasive quality, which wins and carries our assent even although we may disagree on fundamental grounds and principles. It is therefore in detached passages that the true sentiment of Mr. Chandler's book may best be conveyed, rather than in following the line of argument or philosophic thought. Thus, 'the eternal life,' he says, 'is a life which has wholeness, comprehensiveness, order; a life in which heaven and earth, the ideal and the real, have met together; a life in which the various rays of truth and intuition are gathered to a single point; a life both mystical and practical, giving a solid and systematic expression to the most purely spiritual conceptions. \* \* \* There is no contrast to be drawn between present life and a future; the only real contrast is between a spiritual life in its successive upward stages, and a carnal life, in the various phases of its fall; between a spiritual life planted here and flowering hereafter, and a carnal life, dying here, and dead hereafter.'

Freedom he places in the spirit, rather than in the will, 'for "will" is a term of doubtful meaning,' he says. In every act of will there is the interaction of reason and desire, but this does not produce freedom for the individual. 'Passion is not purified by merely being rationalized. Under the manipulation of reason desire ceases to be blind appetite, but does not thereby become moral. The man is free, not when his impulses are intellectualized, but when they are sanctified. \* \* \* Formal freedom may consist in the survival of reason; real freedom in the restoration of spirit. Formal freedom means that a man acts consciously, acts in view of a satisfaction of his nature, whatever that satisfaction may be; real freedom is the power to live the life of the spirit, the life of communion with God, and of disinterested service of man.' The last chapter is on institutions, whereby man is trained to unselfishness, and led into wider and truer views of life, larger duties and fellowship with all mankind. 'The whole significance of in-

stitutions consists in the fact that individuals are in them associating themselves with each other in order to affirm and express certain ideals and aspirations of their nature.' And the point to be borne in mind is that institutions are made for man, and not man for institutions. The danger lies in regarding them not as *means*, but as *ends*, to which the individual is often wrongly sacrificed. But it is really the reaction against 'faith without works' that has brought about the condition of 'works without faith'—'the materialistic philanthropy,' as our author calls it, whose 'watchwords are thrift and sanitation,' whose ideals are 'material comfort' and the spread of 'useful knowledge,' and in whose eyes 'the individual is an instance of economic laws, an item of scientific classifications.'

Mr. Chandler is right: we need bread for the soul as well as the body. Neither claim can be disregarded if humanity is ever to grow into its full stature and symmetry. When once this truth is understood, the few will no longer feed at the expense of the many, social conditions will equalize and adjust themselves, for society will recognize itself as an organism whose growth and development depend upon the well-being and harmonious relation of all its members.

#### Cruikshank's "Humorist" \*\*

IN THIS AGE of reimpresions and reprints, 'The Humorist,' with its forty colored designs by Cruikshank, was not to be forgotten. It is well for the end of the century to remember its beginning, and there are few things which can more plainly bring before us the times of our grandfathers than these 'entertaining tales, anecdotes and epigrams' in which they delighted. The newspaper was not then the universal repository for that sort of literature: it often secured the honors and immunities of binding, and consequently has descended to our days, to raise perhaps more wonder than merriment. Yet some of these productions have retained a sort of popularity. Peter Pindar's version of 'The Pedlar and the Peas' has found its way into many collections of humorous poems, and there are few who have not heard of Daniel Lambert and his dancing bears. The tale of 'The Bashful Man' has been printed in American schoolbooks, and 'Monsieur Tonson' has 'come again' in many a collection of 'pieces for recitation.' Dr. Dodd's sermon on the word 'Malt' is an old favorite with temperance orators. 'The anecdote about Sir Isaac Newton's absence of mind has given point to many an essay on the eccentricities of genius. Some of Cruikshank's designs are hardly less well-known through persistent copying; but their coloring has perhaps protected them from wholesale reproduction by photographic engraving, and most of them will be new to the present generation of readers.

The vignettes to the four title-pages are not the least entertaining. That of Vol. I. has a happy couple beneath their apple-tree, laughing to split their sides at the good things which a little imp in red fool's-cap is reading out of a book. Vol. II. has a pair of clowns on a table making faces and playing pranks for the amusement of a crowd of rustics. In Vol. III. a jolly, fat 'Humorist' is leading Miss Britannia to a merry-go-round in the distance; and in Vol. IV. the same gentleman is making his parting bow. Some of the little headpieces over the principal designs in the body of the book are very ingenious. The illustration of the story of Mr. St. Leger and the dustman has a Hercules in a cocked hat at the top of it. A grim inquisitor, all eyes, ears and chains, looks down on the scene of Nicolas Pedrosa and the friar. A candle supported by a pistol and snuffers helps to illustrate the story of the drunken colonel and his servant. Fox and goose uphold the picture in which the wooden-legged attorney outwits the Londoner by proposing as a trial of endurance that they each put a foot in hot water and keep it there as long as they can. Hand-made paper,

\* The Humorist: A Collection of Entertaining Tales, Anecdotes, Epigrams, etc. With 40 illustrations by George Cruikshank, colored by hand. 4 vols. London: John C. Nimmo.

\* The Spirit of Man. By Arthur Chandler. \$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co.



liberal margins and an edition limited to 260 copies will make the resurrected 'Humorist' welcome, we are sure, in two hundred and sixty libraries.

"On the Border with Crook"\*

THE AMERICAN PLUTARCH who is to write the biography of our great Indian tamer and manager, Gen. George Crook, has yet to come. Scarcely to be reckoned in the second rank of the great names in the Civil War, Crook was probably the chief intellectual force in the successful campaigns of the Shenandoah Valley, and certainly was Sheridan's best fighter. Most of his nearly forty years' constant military service went toward the winning of the region west of the Missouri for civilization. He was doubtless the greatest of our Indian fighters and managers. None so well as he appeared to know and understand the red men—even the fiercest and astutest of the race. He seemed to possess a profound insight into their thoughts and ways; and he lived among or near them till 'old experience' did 'attain to something like prophetic strain.' He could usually foresee what the savage intended to do, and could thus prepare for it. We do not know whether it is true, as the white husband of the Indian Bright Eyes once told us, that Gen. Crook was one of the few white men regularly initiated and instructed as a member of Indian 'freemasonry'; but that he could interpret signs which were meaningless to the average army officer on the frontier, is certain. He was a later 'Brother Corlaer,' or Sir William Johnson, to the Iroquois of the Far West.

Without pretending to be a Plutarch, and indeed rather modestly depreciating his own powers, Capt. John G. Bourke of the Third Cavalry has written a most engaging story of Gen. Crook's life on the border. The cavalry captain, who has won his spurs as an author of no mean rank in 'The Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona,' was a comrade, during fifteen years, of the man who flanked Early so handsomely at the Battle of Cedar Creek. He tells, with camp-fire abandon, of their adventures on the great plains with the Apaches and Sioux. He regrets that Dante did not have the experience of seeing a Paradise, Purgatory and Hell of the Arizona type. His pen-drawings of man and beast in the land of the Spanish pepper-eaters, and the bare-legged and turbaned Apaches are in fulness of detail and excellence of effect like those which the sun prints on a sensitized plate. While picturing man, beast and bird, in the wonderful 'Gadsden purchase,' now cut up into Arizona and New Mexico, he does not forget the background of scenery or flowers. His story has no monotony, but remarkable variety, as though he were a man of keen senses and varied capacities of observation. With dramatic power in grouping and fine skill in toning, he suggests Rembrandt. The light of civilization, as represented by one of civilization's noblest products, George Crook, is brilliantly set against the darkness and cunning, the wiles and brute force of savagery. We imagine that the painter, who is yet to tell on canvas and in color the story of how the white man won the empire from the Missouri to the Pacific, will revel in this clear and strong narrative of a participant. The parts of the book most to our liking are the descriptions of Crook in council; though whether in parley, interview, treaty, pursuit or fight, his firmness, tenacity, vigor and fertility of resource are astonishing. Nevertheless, this best of Indian-fighters was as tender and gentle as a woman, when the necessary fighting was over. From Arizona we follow the phase of war and westward empire to the region of the Platte, and into the Sioux country; and then again follow the guidon to the Sierra Madres. The campaign against Geronimo and his rascals of Spanish name, the effects of bad whiskey, treachery and white fiends in human form are vividly pictured and stated with refreshing frankness. In his closing years Gen. Crook averted a war with the Utes, and was a member

\*On the Border with Crook. By John G. Bourke, U. S. A. \$3.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

of the commission that secured the session of eleven millions of acres from the Sioux. This story of his life and labors on the border is handsomely printed, and bound with appropriate decoration; there is a portrait of Gen. Crook, and a half-dozen other illustrations.

"Adventures of Mendez Pinto"\*

GOOD ANGELS furnished St. Crispin with leather; good geniuses must furnish the editors of the Adventure Series with their good things. Mendez Pinto was a Portuguese Marco Polo who before Milton died had travelled to the ends of the earth and returned to tell his children and grandchildren the marvellous things that Papa Pinto had seen and done. The tale was too thrilling to lie buried long in circumscribed Portuguese; so Henry Cogan, in the year 1663, when all the air reverberated with adventure, did it into picturesque English and dedicated it to the Earl of Strafford. Appropriately enough, these strange adventures of a ship came forth 'At the Sign of the Blew-Anchor,' and Spanish and French translations of them were dedicated to Cardinal Richelieu and the Archbishop of Toledo. How the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries looked on Tartary, 'Chin,' the Spice Isles, and the King of Bungo: with what curious and credulous eyes they regarded the solemn and antique East; with what mixture of poetry and malice they recorded their impressions, may be gathered from these travels, which revel in tales of mandarins and other queer beasts, of pagodas and barbaric processions, of captives and 'ship-wracks,' of pirates and pearls, and Turks and mutineers. A great native talent for story-telling was the gift of the age; and Mendez Pinto is not without it. He runs on in his fluent Portuguese faster than Camoëns did in his stanzas, to sing of the deeds of his countrymen in India and Malacca, stopping at and stopped by innumerable episodes on the way. The accomplished Orientalist Vambéry who himself in this century traversed much of the same ground, disguised as a dervish, contributes a preface and relates his experience. Much of his 'daring,' he says, was due to a strychnine pill that he carried sewed up in his rags: this he intended to swallow if ever he was put to torture. We are not told that Pinto carried this weapon, but his experiences are as singular as if he had. 'Qui multum peregrinatur, raro sanctificatur,' reads a Latin proverb. Perhaps this Peregrine Pickle will yet undergo canonization, even as Odoric did who travelled through Asia and baptized 60,000 Saracens!

Recent Fiction

JOHN AND MARY ANDERSON, after having been married twenty years, conclude to separate because she is jealous of Lady Blanche and 'My Jo, John' thinks his Mary has grown harsh and quick-tempered. Mary takes the country house; John stays in London, speculates with Lady Blanche, loses his money and drops out of sight. His son and valet, after a long search, find him in very humble quarters. Mary is notified, returns to him, and is reconciled. Author, Helen Mathers. (25 cts. John W. Lovell Co.) —'LORITA, AN ALASKAN MAIDEN,' is the daughter of a Russian officer. Left behind, as an infant, by her father, when Alaska passed under the rule of the United States, she grows up to fall in love with an Indian, to be adopted by Americans, and, by an odd train of events, to meet her father and lover again in Venice. The descriptions of scenery are good. Author, Susie C. Clark. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.) —OF THE MAKING of pretty books, now that our publishers have begun, it is to be hoped that there will be no end. Such engaging little volumes as those of the Pocket Piece Series should always be sure of a welcome, especially if their literary contents be in harmony with their making. Such is the case with the first number of the series in question, which contains half a dozen clever short stories, by Edgar Mayhew Bacon, all of which have already seen the light in the magazines. We hope that the four-leaved clover and horseshoe device on the cover of this new series will prove a presage of success. (50 cts. Walbridge & Co.)

\*Adventures of Mendez Pinto. Done into English by Henry Cogan. With an Introduction by Arminius Vambéry. \$1.50. (Adventure Series.) Macmillan & Co.

'COUNTRESS ERIKA'S APPRENTICESHIP' is passed in part in an old castle where, owing to an unfortunate second marriage of her mother, she is brought up amid privations. She happens to befriend a wandering artist whom she meets afterwards in society and imagines herself to be in love with him though he is already married. She agrees to elope with him, but the despair of the wife causes her to repent in time and she marries instead a worthy young officer. Thus the proprieties are saved, but it is hard to see that the novel teaches any wholesome moral, and it is not sufficiently true to life to be read on that account. Author, Ossip Schubin. Translator, Mrs. A. L. Wister. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'THE CUP OF LOVING SERVICE,' by Eliza Dean Taylor, is a story of a little boy who gave a cup of cold water to a passing traveller and who afterwards, in performing the same service during war-time for a wounded soldier, was shot through the heart.—'PAX VOBISCUM,' a sermon by Dr. Henry Drummond, on the text 'Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,' etc., is, like the foregoing, very prettily illustrated by Mr. Frank M. Gregory, and bound in an illuminated cover. (\$1 each. James Pott & Co.)

'HUCKLEBERRIES Gathered from New England Hills' is a collection of short stories by Rose Terry Cooke, all or nearly all of which have been published from time to time in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and have been read and enjoyed we suppose by that lady's admirers in the magazine. They are all pictures of New England country or village life, stories of plain people told in a simple, unaffected manner, short stories such as one hears around the fire in the evening when some very young member of the party says 'Tell us a story, won't you.' The first of these is called 'Grit,' and is probably the best. The family are celebrated throughout the country for their grit. The old farmer has a daughter very like himself in many respects. She is in love with a man of whom her father disapproves. He forbids her to see her lover, and she walks five miles in the middle of the night and in the pouring rain to meet him and be married to him. The father is so pleased at the family grit coming out in his child that he takes them back home with him. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—IN THE ORIGINAL, 'La Neuvaïne de Colette,' is bright, pure, fascinating; in the translation, 'The Story of Colette,' it retains all its charm, except the untranslatable flavor. But even this is to a certain extent vicariously atoned for by the exquisite book-making. The numerous illustrations are happily conceived, and although they sometimes impugn the French name of the artist by being out of drawing, they are always in the spirit of the text, and that is saying a great deal. As the book stands, one hopes it may go through many editions. A comment must be added, that in the title, 'Story' is entirely inadequate to translate 'Neuvaïne,' and yet no apt substitute suggests itself. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

#### Minor Notices

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH'S literary products never suggest that kind of butter originally and properly called 'bosh,' but taste like that made from genuine cream well churned. Skimming the best of the many books which he reads in order to produce one of his own, he sets forth on the platter, for our delectation, an interesting morsel. This time it is called 'Zig-Zag Journeys in Australia,' and as usual the book is well illustrated. Full of adventure, tid-bits of poetry and attractive prose literature, sketches of daring doings and pleasant personalities. It treats us also to a chapter on a subject now quite American, the history of the Australian Ballot System being told and its effects set forth. The Wakefield theory that the profits of the rise in value of waste lands should be shared by the emigrants is also exploited. We see that the transported convicts are reformed and given new homes, though for obvious reasons nothing is said about genealogical studies in Australia. Temperance-physiology is taught in the schools, and in many ways Australia influences the world for good. The wonderful flowers and animals described and pictured, the dangerous serpents, the 'black fellows' and other Australian wonders will fascinate the boys and girls as they have been fascinated before, for Mr. Butterworth, despite his many books, does not fall behind in power and ability to amuse, instruct and interest. (\$1.75. Estes & Lauriat.)

JAPANESE LETTERS is the title of a book by an English naval officer, Commander Hastings Berkeley, author of 'Wealth and Welfare.' The sub-title, printed beneath that of the alluring head-piece, is 'eastern impressions of western men and manners, as contained in the correspondence of Tokiware and Yashiri.' Of course, there is a preface, table-of-contents and occasional foot-notes in explanation of Japanese words; and then an abrupt closing of the 'correspondence' (p. 254), with a 'note by the editor,' which talks about 'original,' 'translation,' etc. The reputed

'Japanese'—whose moulds of thought are taken directly out of *The Saturday Review* of London and *The Japan Mail* of Yokohama—are Tokiware, a young subject of the Mikado travelling in Egypt, and Europe, and Yashiri, an old gentleman who remains in Tokio. The traveller is youthful and radical, and the stay-at-home conservative. Fashions, archaeology, philosophy, architecture, dress, food, politics, women, etc., are discussed, and the discussions are remarkably like those we hear in the European clubs in the treaty ports of Japan, while intrinsic proofs of native thought are glaringly absent. The thought, as far as there is any Oriental thought, is astonishingly like that of Japanese long educated in European capitals. As a book of chats by a naval officer, whose simulations of Oriental impressions are Japanese, exactly as Sullivan's most English opera entitled 'The Mikado' is a compound of English thought and music trickled out in Japanese costume, coiffure, hairpins and the curiosities of archaeology, the book may be commended to those who suffer from ennui. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

'ONE SUMMER IN HAWAII' is a well illustrated book with wide-margined pages. The text, by Mrs. Helen Mather, consists of light and pleasant descriptions of this prospective portion of the United States of America. It is true that we are anticipating, but we have an eye on our new Navy, and are acquainted with the people who know Hawaiian-American politics. The lady who writes this account of her trip to, and experiences of life in, Honolulu and places adjacent goes over a beaten track, but makes an old story new by her wit and power of seeing things on their gilded side. She seems to have an exuberance of spirits, as well as skill in description. Her lively narrative makes one long for the lovely climate of the late King Kalakaua's realm. She tells of volcanoes, taros, swimming maidens, sugar-cane fields and factories, and succeeds well in depicting both nature and man. (\$2. Cassell Pub. Co.)—A BOOK of decided interest to all who wish to know the realities of Canadian life in country and city is the venerable and Right Rev. Dr. Ashton Oxenden's autobiography. Past eighty years of age, he reviews in lucid style and straightforward fashion the events of a busy life. After nearly thirty years in orders and over twenty-one years of active service in England, he went to America. For many years he was Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. He tells of country people, roads, customs, the climate, soil, products, the march of modern improvements, and discusses Canadian theology and politics. He is no lover of the French Canadians or of the Roman form of the Catholic Church, and speaks his mind freely, whether talking of sleeping-cars or of the creed of the church whose head is at Rome. The chief value of the book is its wonderfully minute and lively account of things and people in the Queen's Dominion. Exceedingly interesting also are the author's reminiscences of his early life in one of the public schools of England. The mechanical part of the work is of the first order. (\$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co.)

A TYPICAL 'Philadelphia lawyer' was the late Benjamin Harris Brewster, who honored and dignified the office of Attorney General of the United States. Descended from Elder Brewster, of the Plymouth Company of Pilgrims, he was proud of his lineage, but equally proud of the fact that he started in life a poor American boy. He was finely educated at a very early age by one of the best of mothers. Shortly after his fifth birthday, he met with that accident by fire which scarred his face for life, and made him so peculiar an object, while yet setting forth by compelling contrast the elegance of his manners, the eccentricity of his super-elegant dress, and the splendor of his abilities. The reviewer remembers Brewster very vividly as a familiar figure in Chestnut Street and in the courts, during many years of life in the Quaker City, and is bound to confess that the biographer, Eugene Coleman Savidge, M.D., has performed his work well. Not overloaded with details, the narrative is lucid and comprehensive, the style is vivid and animating, while no important point seems left out. Nevertheless, it reads as if it were either a joke, or an inaccuracy, to say that 'Puritanism planted on our shores by the Pilgrim Fathers was the real beginning of America.' In the first place, the separatist and democratic Pilgrims were not state-churchmen and aristocratic Puritans; while it is nothing but a sectional superstition to assert that Puritanism was the real beginning of America. Nor was Miles Standish, who was a Roman Catholic in faith and a military commander of the Pilgrim soldiery, in any possible sense, a leader in Puritan ideas. Six of Mr. Brewster's orations are appended, besides a chapter on the Star Route trials, with interesting and appropriate information and index. (\$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'GESTURES AND ATTITUDES' is an exposition of the Delsartean philosophy of expression by Edward B. Warman, A.M., who ad-



mits, to begin with, that he never met Delsarte and does not pretend to know every thing about his subject. Nevertheless, his first five chapters and his twenty fourth are on Delsarte and nothing else. The rest of the book is given to practical directions about 'posing,' 'feather movements,' 'principles of gesture' and the like matters. These directions are illustrated by a large number of outline drawings. (\$3. Lee & Shepard.)—THE NEW YORK OBELISK, by Charles E. Moldenke, A.M., gives a full and particular account of Cleopatra's stone needle in the Central Park, its history and inscriptions, and of all other obelisks, their quarrying, transporting and raising; their form, material and use; something of ancient Egyptian geography and several glossaries. It is illustrated by maps, cuts and diagrams. (\$2. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—NO. 15 OF THE pamphlets on Evolution in Science and Art, of which we have noticed several preceding numbers, deals with the evolution of music and is by Mr. Z. Sidney Sampson, who claims that the advance in complexity of modern music and the comparative simplicity of the old melodies that are still extant demonstrate the working of the evolutionary law of evolution. In No. 16, Dr. Lewis G. Janes maintains that the same law is seen to operate in the growth of ideas regarding 'Life as a Fine Art,' (10 cts. each. D. Appleton & Co.)—WE HAVE RECEIVED the 'Philadelphia Record Almanac' for 1892; and, from Messrs. Hunt & Eaton, 'The Methodist Year-Book,' for the current twelfth-month.

#### Magazine Notes

IT IS A RARE delight to find in the January *Atlantic* a paper by Emerson. The crisp, condensed and witty sentences of the sagacious poet have an unwonted aspect in the narrow columns of a magazine, so long it is since we have met their mates elsewhere than in the wider lines of cloth-bound volumes. No small part of the pleasure one has in reading this posthumous essay, 'Boston,' comes from the surprise occasioned by its presence. The greater part, however, is due to the keen insight of the writer, the elevation of his point of view, and the extraordinary felicity of his phrases. It was said of a recent book of verse, that the only literary thing about it was the word 'Boston' on the title-page: it cannot be said of this study of the New England character and climate that it is literary only in its name. Nothing more typically Emersonian than these pages can be found in the twelve volumes of the philosopher's prose and verse. The Hub is lauded here by one of her most loyal sons—one who loved her (and truth) too well to flatter her. 'The genius of Boston is seen,' he says, 'in her real independence, productive power, and northern acuteness of mind, which is in nature hostile to oppression.' It is a good city as cities go. Nature is good. The climate is electric, good for wit and good for character.' But he has already said on the preceding page:—'I confess I do not find in our people [New Englanders generally], with all their education, a fair share of originality of thought; not any remarkable book of wisdom; not any broad generalization, any equal power of imagination.' And yet when these words were written, near thirty-one years ago, their author had himself refuted a good part of this charge, by the production of more than one 'remarkable book of wisdom.' This essay of Emerson's is followed, fittingly enough, by Mr. James's 'James Russell Lowell'—of which more elsewhere; and this by 'Birds and "Birds,"' a brief study by a close observer, in which the literary touch is dominant: the prose paragraphs are richly studded with original bits of verse. Of political rather than literary interest is 'John Stuart Mill and *The Westminster Review*,' with numerous unpublished letters from J. S. M. 'The Greatest Need of College Girls' is discovered by Annie Payson Call to be rest: 'hurry and worry' have hustled our school-girls into a condition from which it is as difficult to rescue them as it is to restore a drunkard to his normal state. 'Why Socialism Appeals to Artists' may be learned by anyone who will ponder the pages in which Walter Crane tells why it has appealed—not in vain—to him. This is a star number of *The Atlantic*.

*The Popular Science Monthly* until recently published only a few simple drawings, but the January number contains some sixty illustrations, the frontispiece being a portrait of Prof. Elias Loomis. 'Theology and Political Economy' is the subject of Dr. White's new chapter in his history of the Warfare of Science. The writer declares that the Church has hampered commerce by forbidding money to be lent at interest, and in other ways. Some 'Remarkable Boulders' are described by David A. Wells—stones weighing thousands of tons and found hundreds of miles from their places of origin. 'Our Population and its Distribution,' by Carroll D. Wright, shows the movement of the centre of population westward, and how the people are distributed with respect to topographical features of the country, rainfall, humidity, etc. Mrs.

Mary Alling Aber, in 'An Experiment in Education,' chronicles the sporadic efforts to introduce little children to real knowledge. The kinship which Darwinism recognizes between man and brute seems to be confirmed by the facts set forth in an article on 'Tail-like Formations in Men,' wherein the researches of several German physiologists are presented, with illustrations.

In season to be heard during the holidays, Bishop Potter preached in the January *Forum* 'Christmas, and After: a Sermon.' The homily is a reply to those who, pointing to the dark spots in the world to-day, mock the faith of those who hold Christ to be the Light of the World. The defender of the faith points in turn to the areas that have been illuminated by that Light, and reminds the sceptic that its rays have spread abroad slowly and painfully, not because the flame is other than heavenly, but because it burns in an earthly medium—'because men have so poorly understood it, and because human passion and prejudice and self-will have so imperfectly translated it.' The 'Sermon' is marked by the manliness and liberality of tone that characterize all of Bishop Potter's writings. In a suggestive paper on 'The Development of American Homes,' Mrs. Van Rensselaer pays an interesting tribute to the late H. H. Richardson, 'the only architect who has profoundly affected the American profession and public.' All of Richardson's work had a distinctly Romanesque or Byzantine character, and it looked in his lifetime as if his professional skill and impressive personality would impose upon America the style of architecture toward which he showed so strong a leaning; yet Renaissance houses predominate to-day, and we have discovered that what Richardson showed us, was not 'the virtues of the Romanesque style,' but 'the difference between weak, confused, commonplace, trivial buildings, and buildings instinct with vigor, individuality and beauty.' The other articles in the number are on social, theological and political questions of timely interest.

*The Review of Reviews* for January devotes its opening pages (following a frontispiece reproduction of one of J. G. Brown's big-eyed bootblacks) to a timely attack on the Louisiana Lottery, which it recommends the American people to send to Africa. The Character Sketch is of the Tsar, with an account of the Russia of to-day, and portraits of the leaders who are shaping its destinies—or who are supposed to be. Papers of special interest to the masses—and it is to the masses rather than the classes that the *Review* makes its special appeal—are 'Residential Clubs for Young Men and Women,' and 'The Child Problem in Cities,' the latter by John H. Finley, editor of *The Charities Review*. As usual the magazine bristles with portraits, and abounds in summaries of and paragraphs from the periodical literature of the day.—*Romance* begins the new year with a striking array of stories by good writers famous and to be famous. We are glad to see evidence of prosperity in its increase in size, the January number containing no less than four hundred and sixteen pages. That there is plenty of room for a magazine devoted entirely to fiction the multitude of pamphlet 'libraries,' story-papers and cheap novels abundantly proves. *Romance* aims to furnish a better style of literature than most of these, and there is something in each number to suit the taste of everyone whose taste should be suited. In the January issue boys will like 'An Episode of '63' and 'Pikey,' lawyers will enjoy 'A Singular Lawsuit,' the reader who likes artistically wrought stories will read Guy de Maupassant's 'The Robber' and François Coppée's 'A Plot for a Play,' and the society woman will skim 'Miss Jolliott's Proposal.' The appearance of the magazine is very attractive.

*The Political Science Quarterly* for December is, as usual mainly devoted to history and practical politics, with comparatively little matter of a really scientific character. The most important article it contains is that by David G. Ritchie on the history of the social contract theory, in which the author expounds the two forms of that theory that have been held, and indicates the position of many of the leading thinkers with regard to them. His own position, as appears from the conclusion of the article, is vague and uncertain, chiefly because he almost ignores the moral nature of man, which is the real foundation of civil society. Mr. F. H. Giddings writes of 'Sociology as a University Study,' his main object being to show that 'sociology' is a real science; but, like other writers who have attempted the same task, he fails to exhibit even the outlines of such a science. Mr. A. D. Morse treats of 'The Democratic Party,' but though his article contains much that we can cordially endorse, it sets forth rather the author's ideal of what the party ought to be than what it really is or is likely to become, and his discussion seems to have little connection with the actual state of public affairs. Mr. Frederic Bancroft discusses the biography of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay and the memoirs of Seward edited by his son; his principal point being the charge that the biographers of Lincoln slighted and even traduced other men in order

to magnify their own hero. M. Ostrogorski tells what has been done in various countries towards giving municipal suffrage to women, with orderly citation of facts and figures. Charles B. Spahr writes of the 'Single Tax' heresy of Henry George; and there is an article by Paul L. Ford on the non-importation agreement entered into by the people of the American colonies shortly before the Revolutionary War.

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*James Russell Lowell on 'Richard III.'*—Mr. Lowell's lecture on 'Richard III.,' delivered at Chicago in February, 1887, is printed in *The Atlantic* for December. The newspaper reports of it were very full, and, as now appears, very accurate, though, at the time, I was inclined to think them incomplete as to the portions most interesting to the Shakespeare student. The special criticism of 'Richard III.' seemed provokingly meagre, but it is equally so in the address as now given to the public. There is much about Shakespeare and his plays, but about the one taken as a text there is little except a few preliminary references to the writer's doubts concerning its authorship, and the following sentence near the close: 'It appears to me that an examination of "Richard III." plainly indicates that it is a play which Shakespeare adapted to the stage, making additions, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter; and toward the end he either grew weary of his work or was pressed for time, and left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself.' He refers casually to the 'defective metre,' but gives no illustrations of it. He considers that there are 'three qualities—subtlety of poetic expression, humor and eloquence—which we should expect to find in a play of Shakespeare's, and especially in an historical play'; and 'of each and all of these we find less in "Richard III." than in any other of his plays of equal pretensions.' Gleams of humor do, indeed, appear here and there, and 'there are many other Shakespearian touches'; but the play as a whole seems 'always less than it should be, except in scenic effectiveness, to be reckoned a work from Shakespeare's brain and hand alone, or even mainly,—less in all the qualities and dimensions that are most exclusively and characteristically his.' This, he thinks, is conclusive, for, as Goethe says very truly, if there be any defect in the most admirable of Shakespeare's plays, 'it is that they are more than they should be.' He 'cannot conceive how anybody should believe that Shakespeare wrote the two speeches which are made to their armies by Richard and Richmond respectively,' though 'that by Richard is by far the better, and has something of the true Shakespearian ring in it, something of his English scorn of the upstart and the foreigner.' The procession of ghosts is 'almost ludicrous'—inferior in kind rather than in degree to the dramatist's treatment of the supernatural in any of his undoubted plays.

Other critics have had their doubts whether the play is wholly Shakespeare's. Furnivall was at first inclined to believe it the revision of an earlier drama, but further study satisfied him that it was not. Even so cautious and conservative a critic as Halliwell-Phillipps recognized indications of earlier work in the play; and among these he mentions 'the rising of the ghosts.' This, by the way, like the introduction of Hymen in 'As You Like It,' of Hecate in 'Macbeth,' and of the vision in 'Cymbeline,' is precisely the kind of interpolation to which the stage-managers of the day were prone, and very likely it was thrust into the play by them. Dowden remarks that 'Richard III.' has 'certain qualities which make it unique among the dramas of Shakespeare.' He adds:—'Its manner of conceiving and presenting character has a certain resemblance, not elsewhere to be found in Shakespeare's writings, to the ideal manner of Marlowe'; but he nevertheless believes it to be Shakespeare's work. Fleay, on the other hand, came, after sundry vacillations of opinion, to the conclusion that Shakespeare derived his plot and a considerable part of his text from an earlier play; and that this earlier play was Marlowe's, left unfinished at his death and completed and altered by Shakespeare in 1594.

For my humble self, I am disposed to agree with Oechelhäuser that 'Richard III.' is 'the significant boundary-stone which separates the works of Shakespeare's youth from the immortal works of the period of his fuller splendor.' Its peculiarities may be due to a mingling of earlier matter by another hand or to its being the poet's early work, or to both these causes; but I believe it is essentially *his*.

*Topics for Shakespeare Clubs.*—I am indebted to Mr. L. M. Griffiths, Secretary of the Clifton (Eng.) Shakespeare Society, and author of that extremely useful book, 'Evenings with Shakespeare,' for the program of the meetings of his enterprising club for 1891-92. The following appended list of subjects on which members

are invited to 'bring forward reports' may be suggestive to managers of similar societies and to teachers on this side of the Atlantic:—

Æsthetic Criticism; Anachronism; Animals; Arts and Sciences; Biblical and Religious Allusions; Classical and Mythical Allusions; Coins, Weights and Measures; Demonology and Witchcraft; Dress and Social Customs; Early Dramatic Representations; Fine Art; Geography; Grammar; Historical References; Law and Heraldry; Meats and Drinks; Metre and Authorship; Medicine and Surgery; Music and Ballads; Oaths and Exclamations; Personal Histories; Plants; Play-craft; Puns and Jests; Rare Words and Phrases; Satire and Irony; Similes and Metaphors; Sources and History; Sports and Pastimes; Trade and Commerce; Tradition and Folk-lore; Various Readings.

'*The toad ugly and venomous.*'—Shakespeare has several allusions, besides this familiar one in 'As You Like It,' to the supposed venom of the toad; as, for instance, in '3 Henry VI.' ii. 2. 138:—'venom toads'; 'Richard III.' i. 2. 148: 'Never hung poison on a fouler toad'; *Id.* i. 3. 246: 'that poisonous bunch-back'd toad'; and 'Macbeth,' iv. 1. 6:—

Toad that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got.

Several scientific writers, like Fleming in his 'History of British Animals' (1842), have treated this as a vulgar notion now completely exploded; but there is good scientific authority on the other side. In a paper by Sir H. Davy, in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1826, it is shown that the toad *is* venomous, and moreover that 'sweltered venom' is peculiarly proper, 'the poison being diffused over the body immediately under the skin.' Mr. Frank Buckland, in his 'Curiosities of Natural History,' says:—'Toads are generally reported to be poisonous; and this is perfectly true to a certain extent. Like the lizards, they have glands in their skin which secrete a white highly acid fluid, and just behind the head are seen two eminences like split beans; if these be pressed, this acid fluid will come out—only let the operator mind that it does not get into his eyes, for it generally comes out with a jet. There are also other glands dispersed through the skin. A dog will never take a toad in his mouth, and the reason is that this glandular secretion burns his tongue and lips. It is also poisonous to the human subject.' Buckland goes on to tell how a drunken man, who bit off a toad's head on a wager, was made dangerously sick for some time.

The discussion of the subject has been lately revived in the London *Lancet*, where abundant evidence that Shakespeare was correct in his natural history has been brought out. Dr. Leonard Guthrie states that the venom, when injected subcutaneously, kills small birds in six minutes and guinea-pigs in from half an hour to an hour and a half. In dogs it produces 'depression, vomiting, and intoxication.' It also has a powerful local action on the skin. Dr. Guthrie found that after carrying a toad in his hand he 'got numbness and tingling in it, with a slight swelling and dryness of the skin lasting for several hours.' Dr. Lauder Brunton says that the active principle of the toad venom is probably of an alkaloidal nature. It has been called *phrynin* or *bufidin*. 'It appears to be a cardiac poison, acting in somewhat the same way as digitalis.'

The toad-stone, the 'precious jewel' associated with the creature in the passage from 'As You Like It,' was the subject of a note of mine in *The Critic* of Nov. 29, 1890. Shakespeare, like all the naturalists of his day, believed in that, as he did in the venom; but of the existence of the latter he was probably satisfied from personal observation.

*Some of Dr. John Hall's Patients.*—It is much to be regretted that no reference to Shakespeare's last illness is to be found in his son-in-law's 'Select Observations on English Bodies of Eminent Persons in Desperate Diseases,' the earliest case in that book to which a date is given being in March, 1617, nearly a year after the poet's death. Halliwell-Phillipps does not mention that Dr. Hall's wife and daughter are among the patients to whom reference is made in the volume; but a writer in a recent English medical journal has been examining its contents, and cites some interesting passages concerning these persons and others. The materia medica in the prescriptions used are not easily identified by the doctors of to-day; but some of them, being mentioned by their common names, are readily recognized. For example, we read that Mrs. Hall, 'being miserably tormented with the Cholick,' and the pain 'being but little mitigated' by a certain combination of drugs with incomprehensible Latin names, was cured by the injection of 'a Pint of Sack made hot.' Such use of his favorite beverage would have cut Jack Falstaff to the heart. Dr. Hall adds:—'With one of these Clysters I delivered the Earle of Northampton from a grievous Cholick.'



There is a long and minute account of the treatment of Elizabeth Hall, the doctor's daughter, who, when about sixteen, 'was vexed with *Tortura Oris*, or the Convulsion of the Mouth.' After taking many pills and potions, described in the same obsolete pharmaceutical Latin, 'the former form of her Mouth and Face was restored (there was not omitted *Ol. Sarsap.* which was above all to anoint the neck) Jan. 5, 1624.' But the unlucky damsel was further afflicted, for we read in the next paragraph:—

In the beginning of April she went to London, and returning homewards, the 22d of the said Month, she took cold, and fell into the said Distemper on the contrary side of the Face; before it was on the left side, now on the right; and although she was grievously afflicted with it, yet by the blessing of God she was cured in sixteen days, as followeth.

The pills, oils, waters, etc., that follow I will omit, but this portion of the treatment is less unintelligible:—

The Neck was fomented with *Aqua Vita*, in which was infused *Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper*. She eat Nutmegs often. To the Nostrials, and top of the Head was used the Oil of Amber. She chewed on the sound side, Pellytory of Spain, and was often purged with the following Pills.

But these pills no modern pharmacist would know how to prepare. The result was that 'thus she was restored'; but a month later she was sick again:—

In the same year, May 24, she was afflicted with an Erratick Fever; sometimes she was hot, and by and by sweating, again cold, all in the space of half an hour, and thus she was vexed oft in a day. Thus I purged her. [More of the perplexing prescriptions, concerning the last of which the record proceeds:] An hour after it was used, all the Symptoms remitted daily till she was well. Thus was she delivered from Death, and deadly Diseases, and was well for many years. To God be praise.

Among Dr. Hall's other patients was Mrs. Nash, probably the mother of his daughter's first husband. She had 'of a long time laboured of a Consumption, and was now afflicted with Wind of the Stomach, as also Heat thereof, with sweating from the Pit of the Stomach to the Crown of the Head, having great pain of the Head, especially after Meat.' He used remedies which 'freed her from Wind, and she was able to eat, and said she was very well for a long time after.'

We learn also that Tom Quincey, the husband of Shakespeare's other daughter, Judith, was a patient of Dr. Hall by reading that the Doctor attended 'Mr. Queeny, labouring of a grievous Cough, with vomiting abundance of Phlegm and Meat, having a gentle Fever, being very weak,' etc. He was temporarily relieved of the ailment, but, 'being not wholly freed from it, he fell into it again the next year, and all Remedies proving successful, he died. He was a Man of a good Wit, expert in Tongues, and very learned.' It is interesting, by the way, to have this addition to the scanty information we elsewhere get concerning Tom.

The author of the 'Polyolbion' was another of Hall's patients, as appears from the following note in the 'Observations':—

Mr. Drayton, an excellent Poet, labouring of a Tertian, was cured by the following: *Rf the Emetick Infusion oz. i. Syrup of Violets a spoonful: mix them.* This given, wrought very well both upwards and downwards.

The English writer to whom I am indebted for these curious extracts from Dr. Hall's 'Observations' pays the following tribute to his medical skill:—

Although Dr. Hall's diagnosis is often open to criticism, his treatment was based on sound principles. Not seldom his success was obtained by the induction of copious vomiting, and nearly always by very free purgation. In these days of elegant pharmacy we are in danger of forgetting the value of this mode of treatment, and we might do well to follow the example of our ancestors somewhat more often, and on their lines secure quickly very good results by methods which produce much less discomfort to the patient than in those times of crude therapeutics.

### The Lounger

A FRIEND OF MINE, wandering through the streets of London one day, stopped to look in at a window where photographs were displayed to catch the eyes of passers-by. While staring at the photographs of crowned heads and professional beauties it occurred to him that he would like to have a picture of Browning, of whom he was a great admirer. 'Have you any photographs of Browning?' he asked the urbane salesman. 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply. Wondering why the man made no show of getting them, the customer said:—'I should like to buy one; let me see them, please.' 'They are not for sale, sir,' said the young man. 'Not for sale! Then what have you got them for?' 'To give to 'is friends, sir, not to sell to strangers,' the clerk replied, showing some annoyance at my friend's persistence. 'This is most extraordinary,'

said the American, getting angry. 'You sell photographs, and I want one of Browning, which you say you have, but you wont sell to me. I should like to see the proprietor and ask him what it means.' The clerk stepped up to a fat little bald-headed man sitting at a high desk and said:—'Mr. Browning, sir, there's a gentleman as hinsists upon 'aving your photograph and wont take "no" for a hanswer, sir.' And at the same moment my friend noticed the name on the door, 'Browning: Artists' Materials, etc.'!

WHILE IN BERLIN this winter, Mr. Poultny Bigelow arranged for an informal meeting between the German Emperor and Mark Twain, who is spending a year in the Prussian Capital. Wilhelm II., it seems, is a great admirer of the American humorist, and was very glad to know of his presence in Germany, and to have an opportunity of talking with him. Mr. Bigelow left Berlin for London before the meeting occurred; but just as he was about to sail for America he received a letter from Mr. Clemens, expressing that gentleman's appreciation of the service rendered him, and quoting the remark of little Master Clemens when he heard of the pending interview. 'If this sort of thing goes on much longer,' said young hopeful to his papa, 'there wont be anyone left for you to meet except the Ruler of the Universe.' Which shows that Mark Twain, Jr., is a chip of the old block.

IN ONE OF MR. DALY'S programmes a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* found the following verses:—

#### A SONG OF LIFE

These verses were written by a bright and charming little girl, not yet ten years old—the daughter of Farjeon, the celebrated novelist; her mother is the daughter of Joseph Jefferson. She has written other poems, and, when not at play with her companions, she sits at her typewriter and improvises these verses. Mr. Daly is happy in introducing her to American readers:—

Only a faded flower, love,  
Only a faded rose,  
Living in bloom but yesterday,  
Now taking sweet repose.  
Now it is wrinkled and old, love,  
Yesterday fresh and young,  
Yesterday singing a song of life,  
But now the song is sung.

Only a faded flower, love,  
Once 't was a pride of mine,  
Now it's no more good in the world,  
No more its looks are fine.  
Like a little old woman, love,  
Once light-hearted and young,  
Once 't was singing a song of life,  
But now the song is sung.

Only a faded flower, love,  
Harmless, and sweet, and true,  
Sweet in both youth and womanhood,  
But now its days are through.  
Learn a lesson from this, love,  
Learn it while you are young,  
Now you are singing a song of life—  
Presently 't will be sung.

NELLIE FARJEON.

THE CORRESPONDENT, moralizing on the precocity of this genius, remarked:—

The fewer Emily Shores and Marie Bashkirtseffs we have the better. This sort of thing is unhealthy, and I would advise Mr. Farjeon to put that typewriter under lock and key and turn the young misanthrope out to grass. Let him send her over here to spend the summer with her grandfather Jefferson. He would not believe in encouraging such tastes in a girl of ten. He likes children to be children, and I fancy that the salt winds that blow over Cape Cod from Buzzard's Bay, and some lively romps with her boy uncle would make her a child again.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY, to whose attention I called this paragraph, tells me that the child's parents have done everything to distract her attention from poetic composition. They have locked up the typewriter and have turned her out into the green fields, with her toys and her games, and with her brothers and sisters, and she enjoys them all; but at times she complains of pains and aches in her head, and nothing relieves her but 'play' on her father's typewriter. It is then that she composes these bits of verse. Mr. and Mrs. Farjeon do not yield readily even to the child's most persistent pleading, and it is simply to save her farther suffering that they give in. Physicians and medicines do not relieve her, but 'composition' does. Nellie is described as a 'bright, healthy, pretty and most lovable little one.'

THE LATEST device for making a publisher unhappy originated in the fertile brain of a citizen of New South Wales. A Sydney firm issued a book with the title 'Australian Men of Mark.' When it was delivered to him, a subscriber refused to pay for it on the ground that he was an Australian man of mark and his biography was not in the book, as promised. The publishers sued, and the Chief Justice denied their suit because the people whose biographies the book contained 'had a mere local celebrity in the towns where they resided,' and were not sufficiently well known to be called Australian men of mark. I wonder if the Chief Justice was immortalized in the work. I am unkind enough to suspect that he was not.

*The Young Man*, an English periodical whose sketches of distinguished men have attracted some attention, has recently published an article on Mr. Gladstone from which I cull the following:—

His system of marking a book is rather elaborate. The upright cross, the line down the side, the V, are all different degrees of N.B.; and when he wishes to qualify the text, the Italian word 'ma' is written in the margin. A St. Andrew's cross (X) or a wavering line express disapproval or disagreement; at the end of the book a list of pages is always to be found with headings of what has most struck him in the volume. He is also particular in the order and variation of reading. Last summer, for instance, the three books he had on hand at one time were Dr. Langen's Roman History (in German) for morning reading; Virgil, afternoon; and in the evening a novel.

One really should have a key to unlock these markings. How much better are they, however, than the line made by a thumb-nail, which is the favorite mark of the young-lady reader—though there are many who disfigure books with a pencil, writing their silly criticisms even on the margins of volumes not their own. It was my misfortune to take a book from a public library not long ago, which had passed through the hands of an unprincipled and silly woman. All down the margins were written 'Oh!' 'Not true,' 'Beautiful,' 'Shame,' 'Ah!' etc., until in despair I gave up reading the disfigured pages.

THERE IS MORE than one lesson to be learned from Mr. Gladstone's life, but one which any one may profit by is his economy of time. I don't suppose that he wastes an hour in a week, and yet I will venture to say that he never appears to be in a hurry. He goes quietly from one thing to another, dovetailing his various pursuits so that they fit one into the other with no gaps between. I think that this is largely because he is an Englishman, and in England. Englishmen value time as Americans value money, and would no sooner trespass upon your hours of work than they would steal your pocket-book. They do as they would be done by. The American is differently constituted. He neither values his own time nor yours. He will drop in upon you at your office, saying calmly as he seats himself in your most comfortable chair that he has no errand, but just thought he would drop in for a chat. You smile a smile that is hardly cordial, rattle your papers, place the card inscribed 'This is my busy day' in a still more conspicuous place, and even try to go on with your work; but all to no purpose. After he has robbed you of a precious hour, he lounges out in search of another victim. An Englishman of leisure would not do this, nor would another Englishman allow him to, if he should so far forget himself as to try. He would be told firmly that he must choose some other time for social calls—that office hours were consecrated to business. Americans are so goodnatured that though they may wish you at the North Pole, they will not say so. I have known a man to miss his train and get home late to his suburban dinner rather than hurt the feelings of a bore.

THERE IS ONLY one thing that an American will not waste any time at, and that is his noon-day meal. That prolific parent of all stomachic ills, the lunch-counter, is a peculiarly American 'institution.' All through the business parts of New York you will see the sign hung up at restaurant doors: 'Business men's quick lunch!' And the business man, caught by this attractive bait, will rush in, swallow a cup of *café au lait* and bolt a 'wedge' of pie or a big doughnut, and hurry out again—only, perhaps, to stand for half an hour with his hands in his pockets to listen to the jargon of a street fakir, or read the bulletin of a baseball match.

EX-CHIEF JUSTICE Charles S. Daly has given to the American Geographical Society, of which he is President, his collection of books bearing on geography. The collection comprises over 700 volumes, and is exceedingly valuable. Judge Daly has been engaged in collecting since he was a boy—and he was seventy-five years old on Tuesday.

## Paderewski

FIRST it was the hum of bees,  
Then the wind through forest trees,  
Note of bird, and waters flowing,  
Lovely fragrance, sweet things growing,  
When Paderewski played.

Sorrow fled, and Hope returned,  
Ambition on the altar burned.  
It was not day, it was not night,  
But the world was filled with golden light  
When Paderewski played.

December 27, 1891.

A. W. DRAKE.

## "Cavalleria Rusticana" Again

THE production of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' by Messrs. Abbey & Grau's Company at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday Dec. 30 was the first performance in this city of Mascagni's fine work by a real grand opera company. This being the case, it was a pity that the spirit in which the performance was undertaken was not wholly commendable. No small tenor in an opera season conducted on German principles would have been permitted to sacrifice the beautiful prelude to his personal vanity as Signor Valero did when he advanced to the footlights after the serenade (not sung behind the curtain as it should have been) to bow and smile in response to applause.

There were other things in the performance upon which the seal of emphatic condemnation must be set; but in outward appearance at least it was so much nearer to genuine dramatic work than anything previously done by Mr. Abbey's company, except parts of 'Aida,' that on the whole we are disposed to deal kindly with the production. Emma Eames Story deserves warm praise for the sincerity and vigor of her work both vocal and histrionic. Signor Valero, the new tenor, who appeared as Turiddu, has a very light and pretty voice, but he sings all the time with his throat wide open and produces tones which are sometimes nasal and sometimes sheepish. Signor Camera gave a respectable interpretation of Alfio, and Giulia Ravogli sang quite as badly as she could in the small part of Lola. The chorus sang out of tune more than half the time, but the orchestra played well—that is, as well as any orchestra can play under Vianesi's inflexible direction.

We can suggest to Messrs. Abbey and Grau a cast for this little opera, chosen from those who have sung in it in this country, which would be far better than any yet heard. Here it is:—Santuzza, Emma Eames; Turiddu, Signor Campanini; Alfio, Signor Del Puente; Lucia, Helen Doenhoff; Lola, Grace Golden.

## Technique in Emily Dickinson's Poems

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your issue of Dec. 19 an evidently competent reviewer refers to the first volume of Miss Dickinson's poems, issued a year ago, as a 'volume of curiously formless poems,' and suggests that the fact of the issuance of several editions proves 'that a great many persons care little for the form of expression in poetry so long as the thoughts expressed are startling, eccentric and new.' In the same review the critic says of the two volumes taken together that 'their absolute formlessness keeps them almost outside the pale of poetry.' The thought here seems to be that real poetry must have perfection of technique, must have metrical and grammatical finish: the poems of Emily Dickinson do not have such finish; hence these verses are almost out of the pale of poetry. The major premise here set down has not been attacked of late. The minor one is not so easily disposed of. For Miss Dickinson's poems may be formless, or they may be worded to so fine and subtle a device that they seem formless, just as the spectrum of a far-off star may seem blankness until examined with a lens of especial power. I wish to examine one poem of Miss Dickinson's, taken almost at random, and search for the fine lines of the spectrum. For such example I take this poem:—

I died for beauty, but was scarce  
Adjusted in the tomb,  
When one who died for truth was lain  
In an adjoining room.

He questioned, softly, why I failed?  
For beauty; I replied.  
And I for truth,—the two are one;  
We brethren are; he said.

And so as kinsman met a night,  
We talked between the rooms,



Until the moss had reached our lips,  
And covered up our names.

Now the notion here is the notion of the unity of truth and beauty. If harmony with the thought is to prevail in the verse we should expect a closely parallel structure with a figure in dual accent—i.e., based upon two factors. Such a figure we get:—

I died' for beauty', but was scarce  
Adjusted' in the tomb',  
When one who died' for truth' was lain  
In an adjoining room'.

Two pairs of lines, each with two accents, the similar words being matched in pairs—*justed' joining', died' died', tomb' room'.* *Beauty' and truth'* do not perfectly match, of course, because not yet proved to be one in nature. These exact correspondences would produce mechanical regularity and overprove the proposition by overemphasizing the innate notion of harmony, if care were not taken. So care is taken to contrast the positions of the members of the separate parts. That is, in the first line, the slurred words *but was scarce* are at the end, while in the corresponding line the slurred words *when one who* are at the beginning. Similarly, the slurred words *in the* in the second line are contrasted in position with the slurred words *in an* in the fourth line.

In the second stanza we have a more perfectly parallel figure, in accord with the development of the notion of harmony between truth and beauty.

He questioned', softly', why' I failed'?  
For beauty'; I replied'.  
And I'—for truth'—the two' are one',  
We brethren' are; he said'.

Almost a formal balancing, but with a suggestion of relief; as, for example, in the harmonic echo of *he questioned'*, in the opening line, with *We brethren'*, in the closing line, suggesting a recurrence of the first verse motive.

In the last verse comes the deeper verity that though truth and beauty are one spiritually, they can never be at one in this world. So at the close the pattern changes and together with the hint of the attainment of perfect harmony we have a reversion both in form and tone. It is a suggestion of the death reversion which springs the thought to a harmony more subtle and remote.

And so as kinsmen' met a night',  
We talked' between the rooms',  
Until the moss' had reached our lips'  
And covered' up our names'.

The rhyme changes to alliteration which is beginning-rhyme instead of end-rhyme—*night : names*. That is, our earthly names are lost in the endless night of death; ourselves, at one with each other, at one with truth and beauty, entered into the endless day of beauty and of truth.

I submit that such art as this may be subtle and mediæval, but it is not formlessness.

FRANCIS H. STODDARD.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

### "The Fredoniad"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

What queer poetic effusions the period of epics in our country's literature has produced! The other day I picked up a copy of a work of which many, no doubt, know only through hearsay:—*'The Fredoniad; or, Independence Preserved: an epic poem on the late War of 1812, by Richard Emmons, M.D.'* On the title-page we have a portrait of the worthy Doctor, pen in hand, his eyes turned heavenward with an inspired look. The dedication, to Gen. Lafayette, begins thus:—

'I paused—but the pause was momentary. It was not possible to hesitate long in selecting a name, through which to introduce my poems to the public. What name registered among the benefactors of mankind stands as conspicuous at this time as the name of Lafayette.'

Then comes a letter from the General, and a long reply from the Doctor; and then the poem, of which Canto I., Description of Hell, begins as follows:—

Of iron war, that late with brazen tongue,  
Harsh round the borders of Columbia rung,  
Wag'd to maintain the freedom of the sea,  
And Independence,—righteous Liberty—  
I venturous sing—which made Britannia feel,  
A blow that caus'd her stubborn joints to kneel.

Here I reverently closed the book. I suppose it was much read at the time, for this is the third edition. It would probably have found its place in lists of 'One hundred best books,' had such things been known then. And now? *Sic transit gloria auctorum.*

ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

F. W.

### Elucidating Tennyson

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Probably every reader of Tennyson, in this country at least, has been puzzled by the following in 'Gareth and Lynette':—

In letters like to those the vexillary  
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt.

I once asked the late Secretary Folger to explain it to me. He referred it to Attorney-General Brewster, who gave the following solution:—

The passage that you wrote to me puzzled me as much as it did you, but I soon saw my way out. A *vexillary* was an officer known to the Romans; *vexillatio* was in the Roman army what we would call an ensign. I knew that *Gelt* was either a Welsh or a north of England name, and represented some river or stream, and I directed search to be made where such a stream was, either in Wales or the north of England, and I found that the little river Gelt is in the county of Cumberland, England, between Brampton and Carlisle, and Erkswald. There is a forest there called the King's Forest of Geltsdale. It is near the Castle Carrick. I hold the map in my hand and am describing the place by it. I quote from Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, first volume. If you turn to page 138 of that book it will be found that on the rocks on the border of that little river is an inscription in an abbreviation by which it appears that an ensign of the second legion of Augustus, under Agricola, the pro-prætor, had written his name, and the fact that he did it, and what his rank was, and it seems to have been put there as a mark to indicate by official authority that these stones were to be used as a quarry (as they were) for the purpose of building the wall of Cumberland. The rock is on the side of the river next to Brampton, and about half a mile above the Gelt bridge. The book says the *vexillatio* in his 'crag carving' intended the abbreviations to mean:—*'Vexillatio legionis secundæ Augustæ ob virtutem appellatæ sub Agricola optione Apro et Maximo consilubus ex officina mercati mercatus filius fermii.'*

Now it is all plain. 'In letters like to those the vexillary' (here are the letters on the rock) 'hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt.' When you wrote to me, as I said before, I was completely puzzled about it, but when I came to study it for a minute I saw the difficulty would be solved as soon as I discovered where 'Gelt' was, and it appeared to me to be evidently a river or a stream, and I supposed at first it was a Welsh name, but it is evidently an old British name; and causing the search to be made at the right place, I found the word 'Gelt' explained the whole of it, and was happy in learning also the history of the whole subject, to-wit, as I have before stated, that the ensign by the order of his superiors had left 'crag carven o'er the streaming Gelt' the orders for the use of this very stone. It was a military order engraved upon the very rocks themselves. The book contains a print or copperplate which gives an exact picture of the place and the stream, of the crags, of the carving, and the abbreviated Roman capital letters, just as they are there now. They are supposed to have been put there in the reign of Severus, in the year 207.

But I could never find any scholar who could satisfactorily translate the last four words of the Latin inscription. In Camden's 'Britannia,' at page 835, is a rude picture of the cliff, with what the historian calls the 'gaping, imperfect inscription.' It is noticeable that in this the word *filius* is not found, nor is there any gap for it.

ALBANY, Dec. 22, 1891.

IRVING BROWNE.

### Boston Letter

AN ITEM has been published to the effect that Harvard College possessed the death-mask of Cromwell. It is not, however, the death-mask itself which belongs to the College, but a cast from the original mask. Through the kindness of Mr. Justin Winsor I obtained a little history of that sombre representation of the Commonwealth's First Citizen. It is a sad representation, a solemn, mournful face, but yet rugged and determined, with a mouth remarkable for its rigid firmness. The original mask, taken after death, is now owned by the well-known sculptor Thomas Woolner, whose bust of Carlyle is among his noted works. To Carlyle Mr. Woolner gave the cast taken from the mask and Carlyle in 1873 presented the valuable copy to Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. After Harvard received by bequest from Carlyle the books on Cromwell which he had used in his study of the great commoner, Mr. Norton gave the cast to Harvard, and in the Library it now finds fitting place.

Bird lovers will revel in a new book which Lee & Shepard now have in hand while readers who enjoy following the eccentricities of men of hobbies will be equally interested in the new work. Eccentricities is, perhaps, rather a broad word to use in writing of the late Mr. Simeon Pease Cheney, for his knowledge of his subject, bird-music, was extended; yet to the layman in the art of the feathered songsters some of his conclusions sound strangely. For instance, he shows in his book that the chewink, sitting alone upon a swaying bough, will sometimes sing, more accurately than a village choir, the first line of 'Rock of Ages'; Mr. Cheney himself

heard one bright little soloist rejoicing enthusiastically in the melody, repeating it time and again without cessation. The black-throated green warbler will sing, as never the lusty concert tenor sang, the rollicking notes of 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy!', and the copy of the notes which the bird's critical auditor made for his book testifies to the accuracy of the comparison. Whether man set down the notes as they clung to his memory after the hearing of a woodland concert, or whether there is a limited number of variations in nature's music necessitating duplication, Mr. Cheney does not attempt to say, but he claims broadly that all sounds are of similar character in being musical.

The partridge, which Mr. Cheney aptly calls 'the bass drummer of the feathered orchestra,' has his 'thunder' analyzed in this new book. His 'music' is generally supposed to be made by the striking of the bird's wings either against his body or against a log, whereas Mr. Cheney would show that the performer stands upright, brings his wings in front of him with quick, strong strokes, smiting nothing but the air, not even his 'own proud breast,' as one distinguished observer has suggested. The note is pitched in B flat, second line in bass staff. In Mr. Cheney's 'Wood Notes Wild,' as the new book will be called, will be included his papers on 'Bird Music' which have appeared in *The Century* and the notation of the bird songs will be amply illustrated. The book is one of those unique works that must attract attention by its originality. Its author has not lived to see the published work, but his manuscript has been carefully edited by his son, John Vance Cheney, the author of 'Thistle-Drift' and 'Wood-Blooms.'

In one of Mr. Bok's entertaining letters he alluded recently to Gen. Lew Wallace having received \$100,000 in royalties from 'Ben Hur.' I am able to state with authoritative basis that even a larger sum was received by James G. Blaine within two years after the publication of his famous book. When Mr. Blaine went to Europe, nearly five years ago, he had been paid \$100,000 and the sale then had been going on only about fifteen months.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps-Ward, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson have all had their work interrupted by the prevailing *grippe*. To a friend of mine who called upon Mrs. Cooke a few days ago, the authoress narrated several curious experiences that had resulted from her writings. One tale which she had wrought around characters found in the town history of a hundred years ago aroused the exclamations of a woman, who declared that she and her husband were meant in the characters and wanted to know how in the world Mrs. Cooke found out 'how bad her husband was.' Mrs. Cooke added a suggestive word on that much-mooted question 'Does authorship pay?' when she said that she had supported herself with the pen ever since she began to write.

The memoir of Charles Devens which prefaces the interesting collection of orations by Judge Devens, just published by Little, Brown & Co., attracts attention to the biographer's impartiality. Mr. John C. Ropes seems to have undertaken his task with the model of Truth as well as Friendship before him. His work on military history has been valuable to the Commonwealth and has warranted his high standing in the Military Historical Society. Mr. Ropes, like Judge Devens, graduated at Harvard. His class was that of 1857—the class with which Gov. Long graduated. Judge Devens left Harvard in 1838 with James Russell Lowell, George B. Loring and W. W. Story. Six noted members of this class have died during the past year, while of Judge Devens's class in the Harvard Law School (1840) five have died in a twelve-month—Lowell, Devens, Rufus King, Marcus Morton and John Alexander Wills—one-fifth of the entire class. There are to-day only five living of that Law School class, of whom Mr. Story is one.

Curiosity has been excited regarding the authorship of the little cream-white pamphlet on 'Love and Forgiveness,' just published by Little, Brown & Co. The fact that the work was inspired originally by Henry Drummond's 'Greatest Thing in the World' has increased the interest in the book. I am told at Little, Brown & Co.'s that to them the author of the booklet is unknown. A lady brought them the manuscript, simply informing them that it was translated from the German, and on the strength of their faith in its ability in itself to attract attention the publishers put the essay in print. Even the translator is not known to them.

George Meredith's 'Tragic Comedians' has not as yet had an American edition, but Roberts Bros. have now taken the initiative and in a few days will put their edition before the public. The author himself revised the work so that additional interest is given the publication. As introductory to the novel will be printed Clement Shorter's sketch of the private life of Ferdinand Lassalle. It is an extremely interesting sketch, written in vivacious style, and while not attempting to deal with any phase of Lassalle's life except the personal gives a vivid picture of the man, as well as of Helene von Dönniges. The portrait of the lady illustrating the

sketch shows a handsome, somewhat haughty, yet far from cold face, while that of Lassalle pictures a broad-browed, fine-appearing man.

A line or two about Paderewski must close my letter. He has become another Boston 'fad,' drawing immense audiences. The gross receipts of his last three recitals were nearly \$6000. Paderewski himself receives from Steinway & Sons, who conduct his tour, \$500 for each concert. For his private recitals—such as that which he gave last week in the music-room of Mr. J. Montgomery Sears—the pianist obtains \$1000, the entire sum in that case going into his own pocket.

BOSTON, Jan. 5, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## International Copyright

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COPYRIGHT LEAGUE

THE ADJOURNED annual meeting of the American Copyright League was held at the rooms of the Authors Club on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 29, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman in the chair. The Treasurer's report showed a cash balance on hand of \$469.02. The following memorial resolution on the death of Mr. Lowell, written by Mr. Stedman, was adopted by the League:—

*Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. Lowell, not only the League, but his country and the entire republic of letters, have lost the scholar and writer upon the whole most eminent in various branches of learning and literary production, and confessedly at the head of his guild throughout the English-speaking world. In common with all Americans, the members of the League grieve for the loss of the poet, the patriot, the firm, eloquent, and gracious adjuster of national and international affairs. As writers, we shall feel the absence of the best equipped, the most subtle, witty, penetrative master of our English tongue.

'As a League organized to restore the American good name for integrity, to protect the rights of authors without distinction of nationality, and to foster the growth of our native literature, we have sustained the most grievous blow that could befall us. In our late President we have lost one who cheerfully, and with the purest sense of duty, lent his great name and his earnest personal labors to the movement for International Copyright. He took the place assigned him at the head of our column, and remained there until the victory was won. We owe to him the advancement of our cause on the principle of abstract right. We owe to him the most brilliant and incisive elucidation before Congress of the difficult problems involved. We owe to his epigrams and to his attitude that legislative comprehension which finally enabled us to obtain an effective recognition of our claim. Even in the hour of bereavement, and while there is yet much to do, the League rejoices that he was not taken until after the principle of International Copyright had been legally established by Congress, and not before the common gratulation in view of its reduction to practice had reached his knowledge.' Animated by his example and motivations, the American Copyright League can never retract its course; it must steadily move towards the full attainment of his own high ideal of what in the end shall constitute a true literary federation of enlightened Powers.'

On motion of Mr. R. W. Gilder, seconded by Mr. R. R. Bowker, the following resolution was adopted:—

*Resolved*, That the American Copyright League desires to place on record its especial obligation to Dr. Edward Eggleston, as the originator of the idea of the League, one of its first promoters, and one of the most arduous and effective workers in the cause. While not present in the final campaign, owing to ill-health, largely the result of his exertions in the interests of the League, we recognize that his continuous and intelligent labors at an earlier date led up to that great victory. Dr. Eggleston was especially active and of paramount use in the establishment of relations between the League and the publishers, and in carrying on the most delicate and difficult negotiations between the Publishers' and Authors' Leagues. He also took the initiative in the negotiation with the typographical unions; and in general served the League and the cause of copyright with enthusiasm, devotion, and initiative which make his part in the long conflict one of peculiar honor, and deserving of the gratitude of all who have at heart the interests of literature and the honor of our country.'

On motion of Mr. Bowker, seconded by Dr. Eggleston, the Chairman was requested to write to Mr. R. U. Johnson, Secretary of the League, and to express the regrets of the League at his illness and wishes for his speedy recovery; also to put on record the sense of the League as to his great services to the cause of International Copyright. It was stated that Mr. Johnson was convalescing from the attack of yellow fever by which he had been prostrated, but would not be out and about again until February.



The following members of the Council were re-elected, with the addition of the name of Mr. Frank Millet, in place of Mr. Lowell, deceased:—Henry M. Alden, Charles Barnard, R. R. Bowker, H. H. Boyesen, Noah Brooks, H. C. Bunner, George W. Cable, Titus Munson Coan, the Rev. Robert Collyer, Alfred R. Conkling, Samuel L. Clemens, George William Curtis, Edward Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, George Walton Green, Bronson Howard, W. D. Howells, Laurence Hutton, Robert Underwood Johnson, Thomas W. Knox, Brander Matthews, Albert Mathews, Edward Munroe Smith, Thorvald Solberg, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Frank R. Stockton, the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Gen. Lew Wallace, Chas. Dudley Warner and James C. Welling, LL.D.

At a meeting of the Council which followed, Mr. Stedman was elected President, Dr. Eggleston Vice-President, Mr. Johnson Secretary, and Col. Thomas W. Knox Treasurer.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes

A PRIVATE VIEW was given on Dec. 24 of the mural paintings by Mr. Richard Newton and the new chancel decorations by Messrs. J. & R. Lamb in All Souls' Church, Madison Avenue and 66th Street. The chancel has a dado of marble mosaic above which it is painted in light, yellowish tones, with stencilled decoration. Three arches at the back are filled with figures of angels on a gold background. The general effect is very pleasing, the more so as the remainder of the church is rather dark and gloomy.

—The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, opened yesterday an exhibition illustrating the technical methods of the reproductive arts, from the fifteenth century to the present time, with special reference to the photo-mechanical processes. It will remain open till March 6; and in connection with it, Mr. S. R. Koehler will deliver two lectures.

—The Duke de Durcal, a member of the Spanish royal family, died on Tuesday of influenza, at the age of twenty-nine. Three years ago he visited this country with a collection of old masters, which were exhibited at the American Art Galleries, and sold by auction at insignificant prices.

## Mr. Lowell Abroad

NOTHING MORE READABLE has been called forth by Mr. Lowell's passing away than the paper of mingled criticism and reminiscence in the new *Atlantic*, over the signature of Henry James—that one of all the poet's friends best fitted to describe his life when he was not at home—if indeed it can be said that he was not at home in London or on the Continent, where he felt himself so little alien. Nothing but want of space, the existence of a copyright law, and our invincible repugnance to thwarting the wishes or infringing the moral rights of our neighbors prevents our quoting the article whole; as it is, we cannot refrain from cribbing some of the best things in it.

It was late in the summer of 1877; he spent a few days in London on his way to Madrid, in the hushed gray August, and I remember dining with him at a dim little hotel in Park Street, which I had never entered before and have never entered since, but which, whenever I pass it, seems to look at me with the melancholy of those inanimate things that have participated. That particular evening remained, in my fancy, a kind of bridge between his old bookish and his new worldly life; which, however, had much more in common than they had in distinction. \* \* \*

To recollect certain other foreign occasions—pleasant Parisian and delightful Italian strolls—was to remember that if these had been months of absence for him, they were for me, on the wings of his talk, hours of repatriation. This talk was humorously and racily fond, charged with a perfect drollery of reference to the other country (there were always two—the one we were in and the one we weren't), the details of my too sketchy conception of which, admitted for argument, he showed endless good nature in filling in. It was a joke polished by much use that I was dreadfully at sea about my native land; and it would have been pleasant indeed to know even less than I did, so that I might have learned the whole story from Mr. Lowell's lips. His America was a country worth hearing about, a magnificent conception, an admirably consistent and lovable object of allegiance. If the sign that, in Europe, one knew him best by was his intense national consciousness, one felt that this consciousness could not sit lightly on a man in whom it was the strongest form of piety. \* \* \*

He spent the winter of 1872-73 in Paris, and if I had not already been fond of the streets of that city, his example and com-

panionship would have made me so. We both had the habit of long walks, and he knew his Paris as he knew all his subjects. The history of a thing was always what he first saw in it—he recognized it as a link in an interminable chain. He led, at this season, the most home-keeping, book-buying life, and Old French texts made his evenings dear to him. He had dropped (and where he dropped he usually stayed) into an intensely local and extremely savory little hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, unknown to tourists but patronized by deputies, where the *table d'hôte*, at which the host sat down with the guests and contradiction flourished, was a page of Balzac, full of illustration for the humorist. I used sometimes, of a Sunday evening, to dine there, and to this day, on rainy winter nights, I never cross the Seine amid the wet flare of the myriad lamps, never note the varnished rush of the river or the way the Louvre grows superb in the darkness, without a recurrent consciousness of the old sociable errand, the sense of dipping into a still denser Paris, with the *Temps* and M. Sarcey in my pocket. We both spent the following winter—he at least the larger part of it—in Florence, out of manifold memories of which certain hours in his company, certain charmed Italian afternoons in Boboli gardens, on San Miniato terraces, come back to me with a glow of their own. \* \* \*

The poetic occasion that was most after his own heart was the storm and stress of the Civil War. He vibrated in this long tension more deeply than in any other experience. It was the time that kindled his steadiest fire, prompted his noblest verse, and gave him what he relished most, a ground for high assurance, a sense of being sturdily in the right and having something to stand up for. He never feared and never shirked the obligation to be positive. Firm and liberal critic as he was, and with nothing of party spirit in his utterance, save in the sense that his sincerity was his party, his mind had little affinity with superfine estimates and shades and tints of opinions; when he felt at all he felt altogether—was always on the same side as his likings and loyalties. He had no experimental sympathies, and no part of him was traitor to the rest. \* \* \*

The local idea never kept his intelligence at home, he solved the difficulty by at least never going forth without it. When he quitted the hearth it was with the household god in his hand, and as he delighted in Europe it was to Europe that he took it. Never had a household god such a magnificent outing, nor was made free of so many strange rites and climes; never, in short, had any patriotism such a liberal airing. \* \* \*

The thing he loved most in the world after his country was the English tongue, of which he was an infallible master, and his devotion to which was in fact a sort of agent in his patriotism. \* \* \* He had studied English history for forty years in the texts, and at last he could study it in the pieces themselves, could handle and verify the relics. For the man who in such a position recognizes his advantages, England makes herself a museum of illustration. She is at home in the comfortable dust of her ages, where there is no need of excavation, as she has never been buried, and the explorer finds the ways as open to him as the corridors of an exhibition. It was an exhibition of which Mr. Lowell never grew tired, for it was infinitely various and living; it brought him back repeatedly after his public mission had expired, and it was perpetually suggestive to him while that mission lasted. If he played his part so well here—I allude now more particularly to the social and expressive side of it—it was because he was so open to suggestion. Old England spoke to him so much as a man-of-letters that it was inevitable he should answer her back. \* \* \*

London is a great personage, and with those with whom she establishes a relation she always plays, as it were, her game. This game, throughout Mr. Lowell's residence, but especially during the early part, was exciting; so much so that I remember being positively sorry, as if I were leaving the theatre before the fall of the curtain, when, at that time, more than once, I found myself, by visits to the Continent, obliged to turn my back upon it. The sight of his variety was a help to know London better; and it was a question whether he could ever know her so well as those who could freely consider the pair together. He offered her from the first a nut to crack, a morsel to roll under her tongue. She is the great consumer of spices and sweets; if I were not afraid of forcing the image, I should say that she is too unwieldy to feed herself, and requires, in recurring seasons, as she sits, prodigiously, at her banquet, to be approached with the consecrated ladle. She placed this implement in Mr. Lowell's hands with a confidence so immediate as to be truly touching—a confidence that speaks for the eventual amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon race in a way that, surely, no casual friction can obliterate. \* \* \*

It was an extreme satisfaction to the very many persons in England who valued Mr. Lowell's society that the termination of his official mission there proved not the termination of the epi-

sode. He came back for his friends—he would have done anything for his friends. He also, I surmise, came back somewhat for himself, inasmuch as he entertained an affection for London which he had no reason for concealing. For several successive years he reappeared there with the brightening months, and I am not sure that this irresponsible and less rigorously sociable period did not give him his justest impressions. It surrendered him, at any rate, more completely to his friends and to several close and particularly valued ties. He felt that he had earned the right to a few frank predilections. English life is a big pictured story-book, and he could dip into the volume where he liked. It was altogether delightful to turn some of the pages with him, and especially to pause—for the marginal commentary in finer type, some of it the model of the illuminating footnote—over the massive chapter of London. \* \* \*

### Mr. Howells's Plans

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND has had a chat with Mr. Howells, the substance of which he has given to the *Boston Transcript*.

I found him living in a comfortable, old-style house on Seventeenth Street, which is in the very heart of this terrible city. It is a short walk from the magazine office, which is at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fifth. He was suffering from the ill effects of the heavy, murky weather, and was confined to the house with a cold. I asked him if he had been working. He replied, 'Yes, and gripping it.' He was working in a little room on the street floor, and he said the noise troubled him. The talk of course drove very soon to the subject of his announced change of editorial chairs.

He said there was really very little to say about it. It had come to him as a complete surprise, changing many of his plans. Mr. Walker of *The Cosmopolitan* approached him on the matter by way of asking for a series of essays, but this seemed too much like the work he had been doing for *Harper's*, and which he felt he could no longer do profitably. He was trying to escape from extra work of that character. He had felt for some time that the time had come when it could be given up. He felt that he had stated his position clearly, and that the continuance of such articles would necessarily be in the nature of reiteration. \* \* \*

Upon his refusal to do that specific work, Mr. Walker asked Mr. Howells to become an editor upon the magazine. This proposition appealed to him in a different way. It did not involve, apparently, any extra writing, but, on the contrary, offered a complete change of work. He gave Mr. Walker's generous proposition careful study. He at last accepted, on conditions, of course; indeed, it was tendered him practically upon his own terms and arrangement of hours. \* \* \*

It will be seen that the change releases him from a great deal of work. After his present engagements with other publishers expire, he considers his writing will be decreased at least one-half, and he feels the need of this change. The past year has been one of the most prolific of his life, and has been a year of close application. He will publish through *The Cosmopolitan* a series of short stories, and continue his work upon a story for *Harper's* and one for *The Ladies Home Journal*. After that *The Cosmopolitan* will claim the first appearance of all his work. His story for *Harper's* is of the rank of 'The Hazard of New Fortunes' and 'The Quality of Mercy.'

His forenoons will be reserved as usual for his own writing. The May issue will be the first number of the magazine made up under his charge. This number Mr. Howells will set to work upon soon, and it will be a very notable one, and will forecast the work of the year.

### Mrs. Burnett in London

OVER THE SIGNATURE of Max Eliot the *Boston Herald* prints a column or more about Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has written and is about to produce in London a play called 'The Showman's Daughter.'

In a pleasant, cheery part of South Kensington, in one of the many delightful so-called gardens in this part of London, is a tall dull brick structure, one of many in the long block of several stories, whose smart front door, with its dark paint, polished brass knocker, and bell handles, is made still more imposing by the thick stone columns supporting the stately portico before it. The house stands at the head of the long bright stretch of garden whose sward is still fresh looking and green, and upon it the sun shines all day long—that is, when the sun does shine, which, even in London, it manages to do occasionally!

Here in this quiet, retired corner of the big English city, one of America's most famous literary lights dwells a goodly portion of each year. There is another charming little box of a home down in the country, but of late Mrs. Burnett has spent most of her time in London. And it is in the big roomy house in Lexham Gardens that nearly all the work from her pen's latest offering to the world has been accomplished.

Mrs. Burnett is an indefatigable worker. Unlike even the busiest writers, she devotes but little time to pleasure or amusements of any description. Now and then she drives out in a victoria. \* \* \* Grief makes sad ravages in the smoothest and sweetest face, and there are deeper lines in Mrs. Burnett's than some people who have not seen her for some years would perhaps look for.

I went the other day to see a portrait in clay of the author's dead son. For nearly half a year Mrs. Burnett's happiest hours have been those in which she has been directing the modelling of her boy's statue. There were only two photographs to work from, and as these were not very recent ones it was extremely difficult for the sculptor to obtain a perfect likeness. He, by the way, is a man a good many Bostonians remember well—John Talbot Donoghue. For nearly six months, I believe, Donoghue has been at work upon the clay figure to represent Lionel Burnett. \* \* \* At last he has succeeded in producing a statue that is at once admirable as a portrait, and artistic as a statue. The pose, too, is charming. Young, fresh in mind and spirit, and his boyish face aglow with intellect and refinement, he stands, a youth of sixteen, just nearing the first portals of manhood, with his head uplifted, and one hand slightly outstretched, while the other has just dropped at his feet a bundle of books. Some of the leaves lie apart, and about them a scarf carelessly falls. The short jacket, unbuttoned and showing the shirt, soft looking cravat that is tied beneath the big, turned-down collar, the low shoes, and ribbed stockings meeting the short trousers just below the knee, have all been reproduced with wonderful precision and naturalness, but the charm of the work is in the pose and the beautiful life-like expression in the boy's face. \* \* \*

Mr. Donoghue is about to start for Italy, where he has already made preparations to have the figure put into marble. The plaster cast was done here in London a day or two ago. \* \* \* There are few of her fellow-writers, I fancy, but will wish her success in her forthcoming venture as manager, when 'The Showman's Daughter' is brought out at the Royalty, which London theatre Mrs. Burnett has recently taken. The Royalty is the theatre, by the way, where, as a rule, all the French plays are given, and has a clientèle of its own of an exceedingly fashionable character.

### Albert Wolff

[From a Paris letter to the *Tribune*]

THE DEATH of Albert Wolff removes from the staff of *Le Figaro* its most brilliant feuilletonist, from the art world the ablest and most impartial of critics, and from all Paris one of the rarest characters that the century's close has produced. He was a journalist, a novelist, a dramatist, a poet, a critic, an amateur, a man of great wealth and a wit. Besides all that, he was an enigma, as a German naturalized in France is apt to be. It could be said of him 'he was nothing that he pretended to be,' or 'he was all that he seemed not to be.' He appeared coarse, cruel, insolent, ill-bred and excessively vain. In reality he was kind, loyal and brave. His mind was sensitive to the finest and purest sentiments. \* \* \*

When Villemessant died, Wolff, with three others, inherited the journal. Since then he has written the leading article twice a week. The leading article in French papers, as it is known, deals less with politics than with the sciences, the arts and society. Wolff's essays were always charming, in the style that belongs strictly to French writers. Yet the philosophy and the culture underlying their lightness and grace were of German birth. Wolff travelled much and made friends in many countries. Even the Sultan of Turkey, who was never known as a patron of letters, overwhelmed the wit of *Figaro* with gifts and decorations.

Besides his labors as a journalist, he wrote a series of comedies, as well as numerous novels and some historical works. 'Mémoires du Boulevard,' 'Cent Chef-d'Œuvres des Collections Parisiennes,' 'Mémoires d'un Parisien,' 'La Haute Nôce,' 'La Gloire à Paris,' 'La Capitale de l'Art,' and 'Figaro-Salon' are among his most important writings. He also wrote several plays in collaboration with Rochefort—'L'Homme du Sud,' 'Mystères de l'Hotel des Ventes' and 'Mémoires de Reséda.' His latest drama was 'Egmont,' produced in 1887.

But it must always be as an art critic that Albert Wolff will be chiefly remembered. There is no other man with influence as great. His power was absolute. A word from him made or unmade a man; a favorable notice of a particular picture in the col-



umns of *Figaro* sold that picture at the artist's own price. His taste in art was perfect, his appreciations the finest, his sensitiveness to beauty the most delicate. But all this could not have established his infallibility had he been less sincere, less honest, less candid and unsparing in his judgments. From 1855 to 1891 his annual reviews of the Salon were published in book form and translated into English, German and Italian. Nothing like them has ever been written; they are art classics.

Wolff's house in Paris is a veritable art museum, for he not only admired pictures, but he bought them. Many also were given him by the painters. A magnificent portrait of himself was presented to Wolff by Carolus Duran; Bastien Lepage made an etching of his strange, weird head with its mask-like countenance and drooping eyes. Personally he was one of the most incomprehensible of men. A thousand stories of his eccentricities, his whims and odd conceits, have been told. He had a disagreeable and irritating voice, a most alarming habit of bawling out his comments at first night performances. His great vice was gambling; he became almost insane at times over cards, and to his death the passion for play was the strongest in his nature. Like all gamblers he was absurdly superstitious. His duels were as numerous as those of most French editors. One which he fought with his bosom friend, Fefebvre, of the *Francaise*, attracted much attention at the time. Lefebvre took offence at one of Wolff's criticisms, and a meeting was the result. For years the two were bitter enemies, but they finally resumed their old friendship, and became more intimate than ever.

Few men at their death leave a veritable vacancy, but of Albert Wolff it can be said that there is no one, at present at least, to take his place. He leaves no family to mourn for him—but a whole world of art, in fact, regrets his death honestly, and will miss him deeply.

### The Revival of 'Henry VIII.'

OF THE PRODUCTION of Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.' at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on Tuesday night, the correspondent of the New York *Times* cables an account from which we take the following paragraphs:—

The interest that was attached to this revival is shown by the fact that for two months past all the press has been occupied with it. Three leading magazines this month—*The Contemporary*, *The English Illustrated* and *Longman's*—have articles about the play, in some of which the question of authorship has, of course, been again revived. \* \* \* Of the play as it is produced at the Lyceum Theatre one thing must first be said: No such succession of beautiful pictures, no such magnificent elaboration of detail, no such careful study of costumes, manners, and archæology, has ever yet been exhibited on the stage of the English theatre. From the first rise to the final fall of the curtain the eye and the ear of the spectator are charmed by continual luxuries of sight and sound. Some scenes, notably that of the street in Westminster, through which troops Anne Boleyn's bridal procession, and the scene at Bridewell Palace, where Wolsey learns of his fall, are masterpieces of pageantry and stage-craft. \* \* \*

Mr. Irving's Wolsey was a powerful study, but was not a burly and beef-fed spouter, as many of us have learned to know him, but rather a cross between the æsthetic Cardinal Manning and the actors well-known presentment of the French Louis XI. \* \* \* As Katharine of Arragon, Ellen Terry was delightful. Tender, womanly, dignified, no fitter exponent of this most natural character could easily be found. All the minor parts were admirably filled. \* \* \* Mr. Terriss, in his costume, reproduces that seen in Holbein's portrait of the King. Mr. Irving, on the contrary, differs greatly in dress from that which appears in Holbein's picturing of Cardinal Wolsey.

### Mrs. Stuart's Bequests

THE WILL of Mrs. Mary Macrae Stuart, widow of Robert L. Stuart, the sugar-refiner, was filed for probate on Tuesday. The value of the estate, devised almost wholly to charitable objects, is nearly \$5,000,000. Among the many specific bequests to societies and institutions are the University of the City of New York, \$75,000; Princeton College, \$50,000; and Cooper Union, \$10,000. One-half of the residuary estate is to be divided equally between the American Bible Society, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, the Lenox Library, the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton, and the Board of Church Erection Fund of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. This will give to each about \$250,000. The other half of the resi-

duary estate is given share and share alike to Presbyterian and non-sectarian institutions and societies, and from it each will realize about \$70,000.

The Lenox Library will receive the testator's paintings and statuary, which are valued at more than \$300,000, and her exceedingly valuable library. The pictures are to be in a separate building, for which the \$300,000 in cash is intended, and is to be known in future as the Robert L. Stuart collection. There are in all 240 works, representing 165 artists, some of the pictures being of great value. This bequest to the Lenox is to be void if the Library ever exposes the collection to public view on Sunday. Codicils to the will revoke bequests of \$50,000 each to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History, because of their being open to the public on Sundays.

### Notes

THE INDEX to Vol. XVI. (new series) of *The Critic*, covering July-Dec. 1891, is issued with this week's paper.

—D. Appleton & Co. are bringing out the third volume of McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States.' It covers the period from the Louisiana purchase down to the beginning of the War of 1812 and Hull's surrender at Detroit, and thus includes Burr's conspiracy, the Embargo and its effects, and a review of the social, economical and political development of the people since 1784.

—*Scribner's* for March will contain the last poem written by James Russell Lowell, and 'the only one of consequence that he left in manuscript.' It is called 'On a Bust of Gen. Grant.' One of the stanzas will be given in facsimile.

—A selection of Molke's letters to his mother and to his brothers is promised by the Harpers.

—There will be added to the Franklin Square Library early in January 'Mrs. Dines's Jewels,' by W. Clark Russell, and 'The Baroness,' by Francis Mary Peard.

—Archdeacon Wright and the Rev. S. Kettlewell have for the past two years been at work translating and editing a little-known treatise by Thomas à Kempis. Its story is given in the preface. It is called 'Meditations on the Life of Christ.' E. P. Dutton & Co. will issue an American edition early next month.

—A volume on the life and work of Browning, with numerous translations of his poetry into Danish, has been published in Copenhagen by Dr. Jón Stefánsson, who says that Browning will be an important factor of European culture in the coming generation.

—D. C. Heath & Co. have just issued a fourth edition of Prof. Corson's excellent 'Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry,' revised and enlarged.

—Three special features of *The Youth's Companion* this year will be 'A Rare Young Man,' by Mr. Gladstone, describing the life of 'a young inventor of extraordinary gifts and lofty character'; 'The Story of the Atlantic Cable,' by Cyrus W. Field, its projector; and 'Episodes in My Life,' by Count de Lesseps. Among the more noted of the year's contributors, apart from these, will be Dr. Lyman Abbott, Frank R. Stockton, Sir Lyon Playfair, Gail Hamilton, Justin McCarthy, the Earl of Meath, Admiral Luce, the Marquis of Lorne, Admiral Kimberly, Walter Besant, Amelia E. Barr, Andrew Carnegie, W. Clark Russell, Donald G. Mitchell, Camilla Urso, Mary Mapes Dodge and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley.

—A. Lovell & Co. have begun the publication of a series of American History Leaflets, to be issued bi-monthly. The first contains Columbus's Letter to Luis de Sant Angel, announcing his discovery.

—Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, the well-known translator, offers to forward to the Russian novelist Tolstol all contributions, no matter how small, that may be sent to her for the relief of the starving peasantry in the Tsar's dominions. 'From personal acquaintance with Count Tolstol and his family, who are his assistants in this work, I can answer for it,' Miss Hapgood declares, 'that no one can make a penny go further, or expend it more honestly and judiciously than they.' Her address is 9 East 22d Street, New York.

—Mr. Traill, an accomplished man of letters, and an acute critic, has a curious article in the January *Nineteenth Century* on English Minor Poets. 'You will be surprised to hear,' cables G. W. S., 'that he is able to enumerate no less than sixty-six of them, and be pleased to know that he places your visitor, Sir Edwin Arnold, at the head of the list. Perhaps I ought to add that the list is arranged in strict alphabetical order.' Mr. Comyns Carr's 'Forgiveness,' produced at the St. James's Theatre on Dec. 30, is (Mr. Smalley declares) 'one of the few modern English plays

in which literature proves its power on the stage. The piece belongs to the domestic drama, stretching out a hand to comedy on the one side and to melodrama on the other.

—Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is to give three drawing-room talks and readings for the benefit of the Kindergarten Association. A lecture on 'The Relation of Kindergartens to Social Reform' will be at the home of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, 170 West 59th Street, in the afternoon of Jan. 8; the second at Miss Schurz's, 175 West 58th Street, on the afternoon of Jan. 11; and the third, a reading from the author's own stories, on the evening of Jan. 13, at the studio of Mr. W. M. Chase, 51 West 10th Street. Among those interested in this course and from whom tickets may be obtained are Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. George Haven Putnam, Mrs. Laurence Hutton, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Isaac N. Seligman and Mrs. R. Heber Newton.

—The New York Free Circulating Library, which has branches in various parts of the city, and is doing a most excellent work, makes an appeal for needed financial aid.

—A piano recital in aid of the Summer Rest Society will be given by Paderewski in Sherry's ballroom, on Saturday evening, Jan. 30. The Society is a most worthy one, and provides rest and country air to self-supporting gentlewomen who cannot afford the prices demanded at most of the health resorts. It has bought a cottage surrounded by twenty acres of wooded land near Pascack, N. J. Tickets for the recital may be obtained of Mrs. Parsons, 30 East 36th Street, or of Miss Griswold, 9 West 9th Street.

—Prof. J. K. Paine of Harvard and Mr. E. A. McDowell, now of Boston, have been commissioned to compose the music for the opening of the World's Fair. The former will write an orchestral piece, probably a symphonic poem; the latter will set the official ode.

—The French Government has appointed a commission to organize in the Bibliothèque Nationale an exhibition of documents illustrating the fourth centenary of the discovery of America.

—M. Guy de Maupassant, the well-known French author, who is seeking at Cannes to recover from nervous disorders due to overwork, attempted to commit suicide on New Year's night, by firing six pistol-shots at his head. Fortunately the members of his family had a suspicion that he intended to kill himself, and had removed the bullets from the cartridges with which the revolver was loaded. After M. de Maupassant found that he could not destroy himself with the revolver, he took a razor and cut a gash in his throat, but this attempt, too, failed. He will now be put in an asylum. M. de Maupassant was born in 1850. For seven years he studied the art of literature like an apprentice at an ordinary trade; then, in 1880, his master, Flaubert, allowed him to make his literary debut. Some of his best known works are 'La Maison Tellier,' 'Une Vie,' 'Les Contes de la Bécasse,' 'Mademoiselle Fifi,' 'Miss Harriet,' 'Bel-Ami,' and 'Pierre et Jean.'

—The friends of Donald G. Mitchell ('Ik Marvel') have heard with regret of the death last Saturday of his son, James Alfred, at St. Luke's Hospital in this city. The young man is said to have shown marked literary talent. He was employed in Charles Scribner's Sons' publishing-house.

—The lectures on literature delivered in London by Carlyle in 1839 are about to be published for the first time. A contemporary reprint of them made by the late T. C. Anstey, at one time a Member of Parliament, will be used for the text. Carlyle did not attach much value to these lectures, calling them 'a mixture of prophesy and play-acting.' In his journal he remarks:—'A curious audience; a curious business! It has been all mismanaged; yet it prospers better than I expected once. The conditions of the thing! Ah, the conditions! If it is like a man singing through a fleece of wool.'

—Mr. Carnegie has given \$30,000 for a library at Fairfield, Iowa.

—A daughter of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, died recently in Scotland. Hogg died in 1835, leaving his widow and their five children nearly penniless. Prof. Wilson ('Christopher North') and Mr. Scott of Rodens raised a large sum for their benefit, and twenty years afterwards Lord Palmerston granted a pension to the widow, which was continued after her death (in 1870) to her unmarried daughter.

—'In your leading review on Dec. 19,' writes W. W. H. of New Orleans, 'it is said that "Napoleon the Great \* \* \* was used by Paley to prove that a resolute scepticism could eliminate even so great a conqueror as he was from history." This may be correct, but my impression is that Paley's "Evidences" was written before Bonaparte became famous. [It appeared in 1794.] The very clever essay entitled "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte" was written by Richard Whately, afterwards Arch-

bishop of Dublin, and published in 1819.' The writer of the review in which the questioned statement was made writes to us:—'Your correspondent is of course right; in the notice of Prof. Child's "English and Scottish Ballads" the name of Whately should have appeared where the grim types indubitably print "Paley." The proof-reader, on whom scribbles whose handwriting is vile rely to extricate them from such slips of the pen, must go unshorn of me; my fist, I fear is too legible.'

—Walt Whitman's condition was unchanged on Tuesday. He drank a glass of milk and ate a piece of toasted bran bread. He is absolutely helpless, being unable to move his body or limbs at all. Occasionally he talks to his nurse and the few visitors who are allowed to see him.

—At the third annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, at Washington, on Dec. 29 and 30, religious ceremonial and belief were considered in a paper by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, on a society of warriors among the Omahas, and by Dr. J. Walter Tewkes of the Hemenway Exploring Expedition, whose observations related to the Moquis. Mr. F. H. Cushing offered a Zuni folk-tale relating to the under-world. Outlines of French Creole folk-tales were treated by Prof. Alcée Fortier of New Orleans, and Algonkin hero-myths received attention, in studies of the Nanibozhu legend, by J. Owen Dorsey of the Bureau of Ethnology, and by Dr. A. F. Chamberlain of Clark University. The philosophical side of traditional studies was dwelt on by Maj. Powell in his address of welcome. The Council announced the intention of the Society to print a series of 'Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society.' Prof. F. W. Putnam of Harvard was chosen as President, and Boston as the place of the next annual meeting.

—The late Emile Louis Victor de Laveye was born on April 5, 1822, at Bruges. In 1848 he was already known in France by a paper published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* about Lombardy. In 1864 he was Professor of Political Economy at Liège, and was elected a member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques of France in 1869. He published in 1844 'Mémoire sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençales'; in 1847 'Histoire des Rois Francs'; in 1848, 'L'Armée et l'Enseignement'; in 1849, 'Le Sénat Belge'; in 1859, 'L'Enseignement Obligatoire'; in 1860, 'La Question de l'Or'; in 1881, two editions, with notes, of a translation of the 'Nibelungen'; in 1863, 'Questions Contemporaines' and 'Essai sur l'Economie Rurale de la Belgique'; in 1865, 'Le Marché Monétaire depuis Cinquante Ans'; in 1868, a 'Rapport sur l'Exposition Universelle de Paris'; in 1870, 'La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa'; in 1872, 'Essais sur les Formes du Gouvernement dans les Sociétés Modernes' and 'L'Instruction du Peuple'; in 1873, 'Des Causes Actuelles de Guerre en Europe'; in 1874, 'De la Propriété'; in 1875, 'De l'Avenir des Peuples Catholiques,' 'Le Protestantisme et le Catholicisme' and 'Du Respect de la Propriété Privée en Temps de Guerre'; and in 1878, 'L'Afrique Centrale.' His works are authoritative, and have been generally translated.

## Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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|--|--|
| Adams, J. Nuptial Number of Plato. \$1.10.   | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Bendall, H., and Laurence, C. E. Graduated Passages from Greek and Latin Authors. Part I. 40c. | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Browning, O. Dante. 90c.   | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Browning, O. Goethe. 90c.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Carus, P. Homilies of Science. \$1.50.   | Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.           |
| Chadwick, J. W. Lowell's Mind and Art.   | Brooklyn: Privately printed.           |
| Collins, J. C. The Study of English Literature. \$1.   | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Cunningham, H. S. Rulers of India. Earl Canning. 60c.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by S. Lee. Vol. XXIX. \$3.75.                            | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Eaton, A. J. Latin Prose Exercises.  | Boston: Ginn & Co.                     |
| Euripides. Cyclops. Ed. by W. E. Long. 60c.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| France, A. Thais. Tr. by A. D. Hall.   | Chicago: N. C. Smith Pub. Co.          |
| Goldsmith, O. The Citizen of the World. Ed. by A. Dobson. 2 vols. \$4.                         | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Graphic Atlas and Gazetteer of the World. Ed. by J. G. Bartholomew.                            | Thos. Nelson & Sons.                   |
| Griffs, W. E. Influence of the Netherlands. 15c.   | Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.          |
| Harrison, F. New Calendar of Great Men. \$2.25.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Hervey, M. H. Dark Days in Chile. \$3.   | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Jackman, W. S. Nature Study. \$1.50.   | H. Holt & Co.                          |
| Knowles, E. R. Ecce Regnum.  | Worcester, Mass.: The Messenger Print. |
| Koopman, H. L. The Gothic Minster.   | Twentieth Century Pub. Co.             |
| Lewis, H. The Two Husbands. 50c.   | Robert Bonner's Sons.                  |
| Maurice, F. D. Lincoln's Inn Sermons. Vol. III. \$1.25.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| McClelland, W. J. Geometry of the Circle. \$1.60.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Merry, W. W. Selected Fragments of Roman Poetry. \$1.75.                                       | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Mikkelsen, M. A. Bishop Hill Colony. 50c.  | Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.        |
| Palmer, G. H. The Glory of the Imperfect.  | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.              |
| Peacock, T. L. Nightmare Abbey. Ed. by R. Garnett. \$1.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Ramsay, G. G. Latin Prose Composition. \$1.20.   | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Richardson, A. T. Progressive Mathematical Exercises. 60c.                                     | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Sand, G. La Famille de Germandre. Ed. by A. C. Kimball. 56c.                                   | Boston: Ginn & Co.                     |
| Sergeant, A. Sir Anthony's Secret. 50c.  | John A. Taylor & Co.                   |
| Stephen, J. K. Quo Musa Tendis? \$1.25.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Wickstead, F. H. Henrik Ibsen. 90c.  | Macmillan & Co.                        |
| Wilson, F. M. A Primer on Browning. 75c.   | Macmillan & Co.                        |



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